

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

Issue No. 5 | Spring 2013



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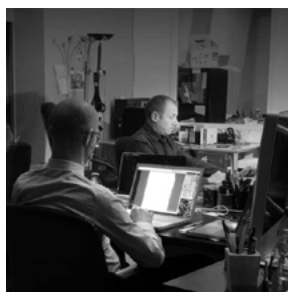
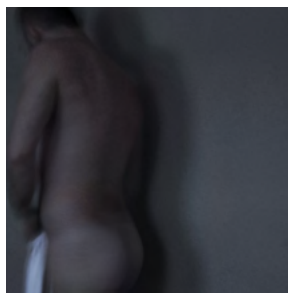
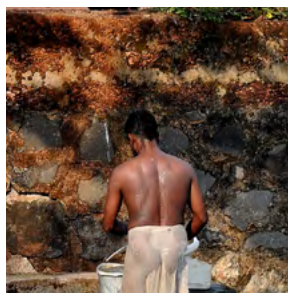
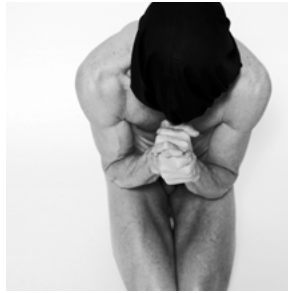
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MASCULAR

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CELEBRATING MASCULINE ART AND THE MEN WHO CREATE IT



Welcome to Issue No. 5 of Masculine Magazine, the 'black' issue.

We chose 'black' as a theme in part because of its universality. Black was something that everyone could relate to, but was a concept too broad and malleable that inevitably, the artistic responses were bound to cover a huge range of concepts, emotions and perspectives. We couldn't have been more right, as you will see in the pages ahead, we received an incredible range of works, so many in fact that we had to change our layout structure to accommodate more artists and more works.

Black is a critical tool or substance in art. From charcoal drawings in caves to darkened pixels, it is the structure we use as artists to communicate. The scaffolding we use to support the concepts we present in our art. We interact with black at nearly every level in the creative process and we are forced to interact with it in order to bring to life the expression of our artistic vision – be it through type, ink or those places we choose not to illuminate.

Black is a substance. It behaves as if it has physical properties even if the context in which it being used is virtual or digital. It needs to be moved

around, removed, replaced and in general taken into account. Unlike the void of space that it can also represent, in artistic terms, it has a tangible presence. It has weight.

Perhaps the most interesting observation one might make when taking in the works in this issue is that far from obscuring objects or meaning, black has been used by contributors to inform, enlighten and reveal. Thematically, black and veils may occupy the same or at least adjoining spaces, but Jon Eland's use of veils seems to bring into focus the essence of his subjects. Far from obscuring features as veils are meant to do, in his case, Eland uses them to pare down and refine his portraits to their essential forms and structures. By removing the superfluous and obvious, Eland's images show us the true structures of their subjects. The veils reveal rather than obscure.

David Goldberg's subjects are blindfolded, but it's not clear whether it's to prevent the subjects seeing out or to shroud their identities. The stories that accompany his photos appear as if out of the ether. They are the voices of men living in a kind of blackness, hidden existences where they are forced to obscure their natures and identities.

Where Goldenberg's subjects are engaged in hiding their identities, Joseph O'Leary is actively emerging from the darkness. His darkness is a metaphor for grief and pain and the randomness that can change a life at a stroke. His self-portraits are an affirmation of his ability to travel through black and emerge into light. He looks as if he is shedding a cloak.

Jonny Dredge's photos of the sea leave behind the traditional vernacular of bright light, reflection, interplay with the sky, in short what you might expect from a seascape. Instead, these darkened seascapes show us what has always been there but what's hidden by sunlight and the stars. We see the ocean as a serene and incredibly balanced environment. Because the contrast between sea and sky has been reduced to near invisibility, they both have the same weight and therefore compositional importance. In fact, Dredge manages to take what is an incredibly familiar environment and render it completely abstract. Some of the images bring to mind velvet or black fabric, perhaps an interesting metaphor when it comes to a seamless vision of landscape and the environment - a connectedness that transcends the material.

Black also has its darker side, of course, and some of the contributing artists chose to explore the meaning of black from an emotional perspective rather than simply a visual one. Sensations of alienation, subjugation and loneliness echo through the works. PhxJay's subjects are often blindfolded, so from their perspective, all they can see is black, but this must certainly heighten all other sensory experience. JL2's 'I Suffered' series transforms what is an individual's experience of various forms of suffering into a universal one by obscuring the identity of the subject. He reminds us that without our identities, we are vulnerable.

We commissioned accomplished fashion photographer John Gripenholm to interpret the black theme for us. He produced a stunning set of disfigured portraits. He took inspiration from black in the context of music, namely death/goth/heavy metal. Each hints at beauty and ruin, their expressions suggest that they either lack a soul or its been ripped out of them. The aesthetic he manipulates touches on horror and nightmares, but still manages to be incredibly beautiful.

A number of contributors chose to explore 'black' within more spiritual realms. If there is more to us than the corporeal and we can express or feel black in our tangible lives, it makes sense that there be a corollary in our spiritual existence – a black spirit, as it were. What's interesting is the range of emotions reflected in the submitted works. On one end, Anthony Cox's devil persona is more beautiful and playful than he is sinister. Contrast that with the demons that occupy Alejandro Caspe's spiritual realm. There we find despair, pain, horror and shame – dark emotions indeed.

Eenar Kumar's 'Black Magic Island' series keeps us in the spiritual world where powers beyond our comprehension or observation reveal desires we cannot control. His magic encounter confuses him and leaves him asking questions where he had hoped to find answers. Perhaps it was all a

dream. Juan Hose Huerta's photos bring to mind the dream-like contortions our psyches create in scenes of confusion and rancour. Are our dreams really inhabited by monsters? Nicolas Obery shows us the types of creatures the blacker parts of our subconscious might bring to life while we sleep. They are far from cuddly – the characters that lurk in his dreams are extreme in every dimension, and very modern. Obery very kindly tapped into those dark corners and designed an amazing anthropomorphic fetish bear character for Mascular Magazine. He's the image for this issue's t-shirt and he's amazing. Perhaps Obery's bear is a more accurate depiction of the true gay-bear persona as compared to the cuddly toy we so often see?

I suppose it comes as no surprise that a number of contributors came at the theme from a cinematic perspective – Noir rather than black. Steven Miller's photographic homage to Jean Genet's *Un Chant d'Amour* does a wonderful job of evoking the melancholy and dreamlike mood of the film. His images capture in a single frame what Genet's masterpiece did all those years ago. Satyri Conte's photos also have a cinematic quality to them. With a nod to the French avant-garde, he shows us scenes that are completely unfamiliar, even bizarre, and yet completely accessible at the same time. His bold compositions concentrate on the interplay between the character and his surroundings, but while the surroundings are commonplace, even mundane, the characters themselves are full of meaning and potential.

Finally, Tino's series 'It's Hard to Remember' can be read as a man coming to terms with his life and his choices. But just as the images are blurred and abstract, he doesn't seem to have a full grasp on his own memories or life for that matter. He does not find solace in his contemplation, rather the more he concentrates the more that is lost. These fleeting glimpses, obscured memories, are the fabric of a life, and the fabric is unravelling.

Issue No. 6 of Mascular Magazine will have 'water' as the theme. As usual, we want artists to explore and create works along this theme, though that includes water in all its forms as well as all other liquids, bodies of water, or things in fluid motion. Be sure to take a look at the call for submissions for our next issue.

There's so much to explore and discover in this issue of Mascular Magazine, and we are so proud to have had such an amazing array of contributions. Sadly, we were not able to include some great works by many fine artists – which we sincerely regret. But we hope that what we have included will entertain, challenge and inspire.

Yours truly,

Vincent Keith

June, 2013

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CONTRIBUTORS

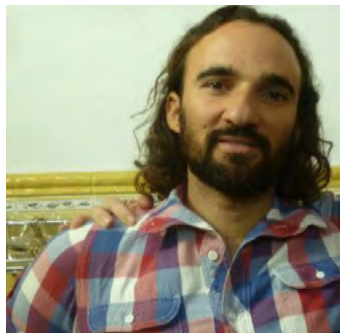


Alejandro Caspe - Alejandro Caspe was born on October 11, 1974 in Tijuana, Baja California. He had contact with photography in 1992 when he saw some pictures that his sister had taken in her photography class. Portraying the nakedness was the morbid element to start with a photograph of a playful manner. Over time, reached maturity that first changed part of the aesthetic and expressive world of his work. The concept that has developed between the aesthetic, erotic and conceptual has made his trademark. A style that for many is considered as pornography while others art in all its expression. For Alejandro Caspe is a language without ideological and social boundaries. There's more to be done and new ways to expose the anatomy of a body, without losing sight of its charm, looks and style.



JL2 An expat French born in 1965 living in Montréal, Canada, since 2000, JL2 is a self taught photographer. He has been exploring digital photography since 2005, with a major interest in portraying people in their own environment without artifice. Inspirations in his work are numerous: Wolfgang Tillmans, Nan Goldin, Robert Mapplethorpe and work by pop artists such as Wayne Thiebaud and Duane Hanson. He is also fascinated by the « more realistic than life » aspect of artificial representations that he finds aesthetic but also disturbing by the

feeling of interchangeability in a dehumanized world. Besides photography, he always had a special interest for the American movies of the 70's.



Javier Hirschfeld - I am a Spanish photographer, passionate about the history of art, the african culture and aesthetics, and a 'Slave to beauty'. I love to capture beauty in people, and the landscapes that speak of people. I don't take landscape photography, I like portraits, travel and street photography. I was born in Málaga, lived all my life in Plaza de la Merced (where Picasso was born) in 1979. I lived 8 years in London, where I developed my passion for black people now I live in London, although I am in Dakar bringing spanish art and doing some photo projects



Bruce Seeds I live and work near the shores of Lake Michigan. I grew up in Wisconsin, studied architecture in Minnesota, and practiced architecture in Texas, specializing in computer-aided design. Having returned to my home state at the turn of the century, the corporate world is now a memory: I have set up a studio where I make quilted textile mosaics. I maintain an active online presence via social networks and enjoy sharing my work process with my followers. The response to my work, not to mention the joy I get from it, tells me that this, for now, is where I'm supposed to be.



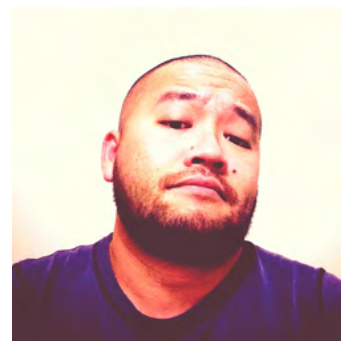
Bill McKinley - Primarily and most importantly, I am a student of love, of connection (Eros), of pleasure, of joy...At various times, my occupations have included: actor, singer, dancer, recording artist (2 CDs on iTunes), Gestalt therapist, masseur/bodyworker, pleasure activist, graphic designer, Apple employee, Disney employee (singer in both POCAHONTAS and MULAN), director, choreographer, teacher, writer...Currently I am writing and recording an album of dance music for the bear community, and I am writing a book and developing an online platform to facilitate better communication around sex.



Jon Eland - A Yorkshireman by birth and in heart, Jon's photography career started with a first camera arriving when he was nine. He trained in the visual arts, learning darkroom and film techniques but his photography started to bloom when, in 2006, he got his first digital camera and brought together his creative ideas, understanding of composition and skills in the digital darkroom. Nowadays much of his time outside the day job is spent in photo-related activities - running the Flickr-age camera group he started, enjoying photo dérive and event-based location photography, alongside his specialist male portraiture practice (But I Like It), which specializes in narrative-led projects featuring a broad spectrum of men.

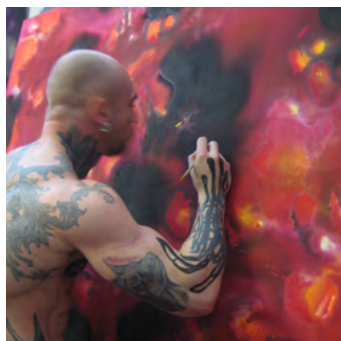


Jonathan Dredge - I was born and raised in the small university town of St Andrews, Scotland. Following a quiet 'Oxo Family' childhood, reading car magazines and drawing in my bedroom (escaping chronic hay fever), I studied Automotive Design in Coventry before moving to London, and spending five years working in book shops! After retraining as a TV Editor and Designer at Ravensbourne, I spent 12 years working for Post Production houses and Broadcasters, as well as working on more interesting personal collaborations with people such as Nick Knight, Peter Saville and Simon Costin. Throughout my career, I have worked as a photographer, for a variety of magazines and clients, though I am now spending more time working on personal projects, exploring how we see the world. I live with Garv, my partner of 4 years, with our cat Miss Josie Jones, in Islington.



Jeff Luk, born in China, is now working as a full time artist in Sydney, Australia. He started to learn art by himself in early 20s, after quitting his first job as a college teacher. He traveled and visit galleries, met artists. In 2010 he moved and settled in Australia. His fine arts, including sketch, drawing, watercolour, oil painting, most often focuses on male subjects. The male portrait project that he is currently working on shows his developing rough style of saturated colours and photographic lighting..

CONTRIBUTORS



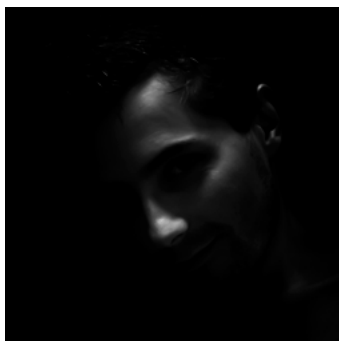
BJ Boekhuizen (b.1979,Cape Town, South Africa) has exhibited in London and South Africa. Past exhibitions include "Art in Mind, Brick Lane Gallery , The New Artist Fair and Espacio Gallery. BJ's desire to explore the intersection of art and science has seen him develop highly individual drawings and paintings. As long as he can remember he was enthralled by the random beauty found within the minutest natural forms. His workplace is more like a laboratory than a traditional studio: piles of medical books and magazines, patient's scans and x-rays compete with his own artwork for space, some of which are inspirations for his vision. BJ is inspired more by Natural Scientist than traditional art magazines. Shades and pigments of the body exploding off canvasses. Capturing and entralling the mind through their compositions of the lights within cells. BJ lives and work in London since 2001



Charlie Hunter - Originally from a rural community in Canada, I trained as a commercial artist in Toronto, and then continued my studies here in London. I've worked in advertising for over 20 years now, but have always produced my own personal work as well. I've been in group shows in Toronto, Manchester, Denver and Sydney.



Eemar Kumar: I was about fourteen when I first began using an slr camera. An older cousin from bangalore visited us in Bombay around that time. I hadn't seen him for a few years – the change in his physique was striking. He had been working out and was proud of his strong, muscular body. One day, I asked him if I could photograph him. It was as if he had been waiting for me to ask him. We went to a secluded rocky beach near where we lived on the slopes of Malabar hill. He didn't need much persuasion to lose most of his clothes for the photos 'to show his body off better'. I used the waves of the Arabian sea to get him wet in his underwear. These, my first 'almost nude' photos of a man, gave me a taste for more. I have been undressing men for my camera ever since. Eemar lives in India.



Ludovic Seth - born in Lyon, he began his photographic career at the age of 17 years, before committing to 22 years in training at the Faculty of Arts of Montreal. An architect by profession, photography has quickly become a focus for him but also complement to his drawing, all in an effort to capture the world around him and report on issues that affect him. His career led him to explore his various artistic themes including the human body and the space it inhabits. Man-made and natural landscapes (series "Landscapes") to those of the

body (series "Bodyscapes") and their intersection (series "In Situ" naked male set spaces). His work explores the graphic dimension and aesthetic qualities of these themes, whatever the scale ... through paintings (sometimes abstract and sometimes figurative) to reveal all of their poetic intensity. Published in an American anthology of works in 2011 exploring new visions nude photography (Nude Close Up, ed. Publishers Graphics), his work on the male nude was recently presented at the 13th European Festival of Photography Nu (FEPN), in Arles, France.



Emil Tanev - Creativity has always been a part of my life in some form or another. I went through many different things until I have finally found myself in Photography. Born in 1986, I feel like life has just started for me and there are many new horizons to reach for! As a photographer, my main attention is on Street Photography, but I am interested in expanding my skills in different genres. I currently live in Germany, but I was born and raised in Bulgaria.



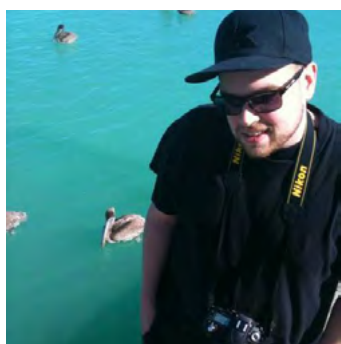
Jim B - Photographic dabbler living and working in Richmond, Virginia to the south of Washington, DC on the East Coast of the US.



Guido Moens - I was born (1943) and raised in Belgium. As the grandson of the local blacksmith I learned to work with all kind of materials quite naturally, as the village smithy was my playground. My childhood was immersed by the rural catholic life of the 50's. In my teens I realized that there was a way for me to escape: I went to art-school and came out a graphic designer. I started working in one of the major department stores in Brussels and had a great time as designer and art director. Though it was fun to create posters and other promotional stuff, I still felt a need to further express myself. The male nude still remains my favorite subject but I keep finding new ways of expressing myself in art. When it comes to photography you really need a live model, and those were not always so easy to find. Especially the kind of men I am looking for, firm, muscular, strong and tough. So in order to have some practice I started using myself as a model for the camera, always looking for the right angle and lighting. At first I did not like my own body that much. But when getting older this changed, and I discovered the beauty of my old skin. These days I'm no longer afraid to show it..

Styriconte - is a mix of two french words: satire and tale. It's a way to unveil an artistic quest around this theme and inquire our world according to this point of view. Satyriconte is fed by the members of the CSS, Committee of the Surveyors Satires. Participants in this quest are: Blicq, experimental filmmaker (Paris); Jean-Marc Foussat, music composer (La Garenne Colombes); Sigfrido Lopez Ferrer, expert feed and autodidact photographer (Barcelona); MYM Marc-Yves Morvan, painter and autodidact photographer (Paris). The Committee is eager of new visions and energies.

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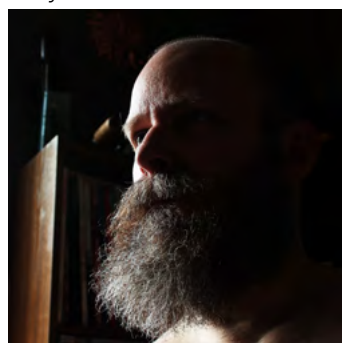


Björn Stensson - I'm a Swedish forever-youngster that always had opinions about the aesthetics of everything since a very young age, and I guess I never really had a problem to choose what I would be working with when I got older, but I was not sure within what discipline it would be. At first I was aiming to be an architect but after a funny (and a bit too saucy) situation that I can't talk about here, it ended up with me going to Berghs School of Communication where I studied graphic design. During my education I came to realize that I love to work with just about everything in the vast spectrum of design. So after school I worked in Miami for a while designing furniture, when I came back to Stockholm I worked within fashion, and now I run my tiny design and production agency called We Who Like.

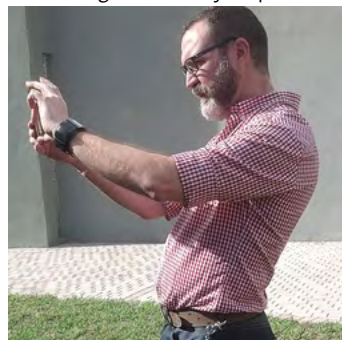


Nicolas Obery - Artistic Director for over 15 years in office and luxury cosmetics, arts enthusiast and surreal worlds, I wanted to create a series of fantastic visuals, and offset, entitled FANTASMAGORIK A creation of more than 100 visual halfway between digital portraits and sculptures sometimes riding the wave SteamPunk and Geekdom the first goal was to recreate a surreal parallel world, diverting and reinterpreting elements or mythical characters while maintaining a high aesthetic. I made my visual focus on Photoshop,

drawing and sculpting pieces of images, (earth, hair, flowers, tubes, eyes, mouths, animals, insects, ...) constitutes an important basis for my data to create the final one Central composition very detailed. My sources of inspiration: Salvador Dali, Arcimboldo, Magritte, Philippe Pasqua, Oleg Dou, Smirkmasks Kris kuksi and many more ...



Melvin the Satyr - I am a 47 year old self-taught amateur photographer with an MA in history. I have always had an interest in photography, and the digital age has allowed me to more fully express myself through images. My primary interests are abstracts and light and shadow. I am constantly learning and experimenting and owe a lot to the photographers whose work has graced these pages. I am rarely without my camera and like a true satyr spend most of my time in the mountains and forests of Virginia with my Jeep.



Chris Lopez - Born in Barcelona, Spain in 1966 my interest in art stems from early in my childhood when I used the white walls of my parent's house as a big canvas giving me the opportunity to personalize them. Noticing an interest in the arts and weary of seeing me drawing everywhere, my parents decided to send me to children's art school at age 8. After graduating from high school I continued my studies of the beaux arts at Pau Gargallo University in Barcelona for 9 years where I was awarded two BA degrees in graphic design and in artistic illustration and painting. At the

same time I studied Photography and Set Design for television and stage, dedicating the time between painting and graphic design. Subsequently I had my first exhibitions at several galleries in Barcelona. During the 1992 Olympic Games I participated in the preparation of graphic designs for the Olympic Ceremonies..



John Gripenholm - I grew up in an old school house on the countryside outside Stockholm, Sweden. When I was 18 I did civil service as a fireman and right after that I moved to London for a while. During my 6 years as a photo assistant I travelled around the world but also stayed for longer periods in Berlin and New York. Now I split my time mostly between Stockholm and London where I have my representation. For me photography is mainly a way to still my obsession with light. I struggle to control it and to let it free to surprise me at the same time. That's the essence of what I do. I started shooting when I was 14 and realised I could embellish reality with my one buttoned camera. I decided to become a photographer at that point. But it was never really a dream to become a photographer, there simply just hasn't been any alternatives..Today I shoot beauty and fashion for clients around Europe. I'm suddenly 37 years old and the addiction to light and photography is more severe than ever.



John McRae - has an established background as a commercial photographer, specialising in fashion and portraiture. His photographs

have been published in numerous magazines, and exhibited throughout Australia, as well as in solo shows in Paris, Rome, Berlin and New York. In 2012, his image of the late painter Margaret Olley in her studio was the winner of the People's Choice Award in the National Photographic Portrait Prize at the National Portrait Gallery of Australia in Canberra. This year, he has two forthcoming exhibitions in Shanghai, China and Mallorca, Spain John McRae is the photographer of the official Sydney Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras posters for both 2012 and 2013.



Tino García - Born in 1970 in northern Spain, diploma in television direction and production, later I attend various photography workshops. I conclude with a university course in digital photography, but my photographic training is primarily self-taught.



Stephan Tobias - Born in Berlin, raised in Southern Germany, self trained as photographer and graphic artist, studies of history, philosophy and law in Tübingen, Aix-en-Provence, Hamburg, Munich, photo exhibitions in Stuttgart, Aix-en-Provence, Arles, Hamburg, Berlin. Lives and works in Berlin. Photography interests me most when it aims beyond arrangement of the objects of the visible world, when it is playfully interacting with time and space and aims at visualising the process of perception. But to get there I take a lot of ordinary pictures, too. Posing nude and photo-

CONTRIBUTORS

graphing nude models recently become part of the playful interaction. The results just get a lot more clicks than anything else I've done in my life.



Alex Girard is a San Francisco based fine arts photographer focusing on capturing the spirit of various queer communities and the wonderful people who build/inhabit them. Instagram: apgirard



Joseph D.R. OLeary was born in the small, blue-collar town of Green Bay, Wisconsin (United States). He studied graphic design and photography at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design. After receiving his BFA, he opened Veto Design, a small, but full-service design firm whose clients include a variety of cultural, arts, and educational organizations and institutions, from the Walker Art Center to the San Francisco Symphony. As the principal designer, OLeary is an active member of the Twin Cities art and design communities, and his professional work has been recognized by The American Center for Design, Print, The Type Directors Club of New York, The American Institute of Graphic Artists, and Graphic Design (GD USA), among others. In 2005, OLeary moved to a small hobby farm in the countryside outside Minneapolis to live with his partner of 11 years.



Bearfighter - Photographer for brute souls. "My pictures are recollections of the martial man" The photographer, who goes by the name of "Bearfighter", is 46 years old and lives and works in Cologne/Germany. His powerful pseudonym was taken from his days as an active heavy weight wrestler, during which the first genuine photos originated. "...because I wanted to see men fighting & sweating..." Applying a self-taught approach and his trained eye for detail, he began 2002 during our time of the digital revolution, to immerse himself in photography. Using friends from the bear scene as subjects for his work, his hobby quickly developed into a new profession. Soon thereafter, he made his debut as an artist for the first time in the popular bear bar COX in Cologne. International exhibitions in Zürich, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels & San Francisco followed. My vision is that of a rough & impetuous soul like a Viking, uncontrolled and irrepressible like a rebel, noble and proud like a warrior. All of these impressions are reflected in my photography as a reminder to all men & their strength. Real brute souls".



Anthony L'Huilier - Hailing originally from Brisbane Australia, Anthony has lived and worked in some pretty exotic places including Pakistan, India and all over the Middle East and Asia. A veteran filmmaker, photographer and film editor in advertising and television, he's made films for Sheikhs, Presidents, governments, corporations and humble NGOs. Despite growing older Anthony still possesses a restless

creative mind and hopes to write more and make films that reveal some personal truths. He currently lives in small county town on the edge of the outback in South Australia.



Bruno Demay (TOUMW@) - Born in Chambéry (Savoie) in 1961. Around the age of ten he began taking pictures and shooting on an 8mm film camera. Though he shared his father's interest in photography, his focus was to fix the time or travel souvenirs. In the early 80s he moved to Paris to study architecture. This training strengthened his compositional and analytical skills. In 1989 he bought his first SLR. The following year he took some evening classes at the City of Paris photo studio and laboratory. Finally going digital in 2003, At the end of 2011 he decided to live out an old dream and dedicated himself to the male nude. Always balanced between classicism and modernity, pragmatism and idealism, realism and poetry, conformity and rebellion, he seeks to deliver emotions, to share intimacy, feelings, and much more.



Carlos Pisco - Born in Rio de Janeiro, Brasil. I've been living and working in New York City since 1989. I currently teach Printmaking at the School of Visual Arts and work as a graphic designer as well. My biggest recent achievement was the creation of a drawing group called Pines Nude Drawing. Since the summer of 2011, I've been the backbone of this amazing group of artists that got very good recognition and press attention in the Fire Island Pines and NYC shows we've had.

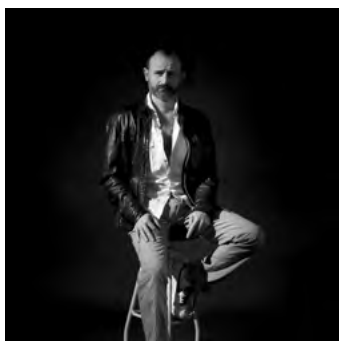


Steven Miller - After a decade working as a graphic designer, writer, performance artist and playing bass for the agitprop music group jTchKungl, Steven Miller started making visual art in 2002. His performance background led him to create an ongoing series of conceptual portraiture, collaborating with many of the region's most adventurous musicians and performers. His photographs have been published in Europe, Japan, and the United States, as well as Milky, a monograph published by Decode books. His art has been exhibited nationally and internationally in galleries and museums, and his photographs are in the permanent collections of the Tacoma Art Museum, Northern Georgia College and State University, and Public Art 4Culture, as well as numerous private collections.



PhxJay - I grew up in the eternal desert that is the Phoenix "Valley of the Sun." After a stint in the military in my 20's I returned home and began working with computers. I still live in Phoenix with my partner of nearly 5 years, though we're starting to look at other more moderate places to move. Phoenix is an overly conservative city, so I try to keep my work life and my personal life as separate as possible. As a geek by trade, I spend my days doing consulting work and network admin - my daily work is all problem solving and logic, servers and workstations. I picked up photography as a hobby and a creative outlet about 9 years ago - can't draw or paint to save my life, but I found I could sometimes snap a good picture or two.

CONTRIBUTORS



Aurelio Monge - also known as "mC", was born in Andalucia (Spain, 1971). A near-death experience marked him forever and was, in fact, decisive in his work. His main source of inspiration is the human body; and more specifically the male body, but he is also drawn to classical sculpture, architecture and landscapes which, like an open window, offer views into the inner and deep mystery of the human soul and, at the same time, a particular frame for the ephemeral nature of all things including the life itself. His portfolio is full of enthusiasm for Art & History, characterized by his interest in Greek-Roman Culture and the Great Masters. Obsessed by all that light can reveal he works with "chiaroscuro" in extreme conditions in an attempt to uncover what the darkness hides.



Anthony Cox - Born in the hills of Tennessee, I always had a vivid imagination. I left those hills, but never forgot the creativity that I was drawn to. I fell into the world of journalism which lead me to a life of graphic design. Still not satisfied, I picked up the camera and started expressing myself through images. This has allowed me a universe of creativity. Each day I'm trying to shoot an idea, a study or story in hopes to express some small part of myself to the world.



Andrés Hannach - Born to German-Jewish immigrant parents in Santiago, Chile, I moved to Toronto as a fresh graduate of architecture school and young, print making artist. I have since worked mostly in graphic design, editorial illustration and visual arts projects. I have travelled extensively worldwide and keep discovering new things regularly in my local neighborhood and, whenever possible, in faraway places. After 15 years in Canada, I returned to Chile with my young daughter. I welcomed my gay self rather late in life and, after a number of years trying to make sense of it all, I met the wonderful, magical man whom I have been lucky to share and explore life. He keeps me grounded and is vital to keeping my sense of awe and wonder alive, at home in Santiago and wherever we go.

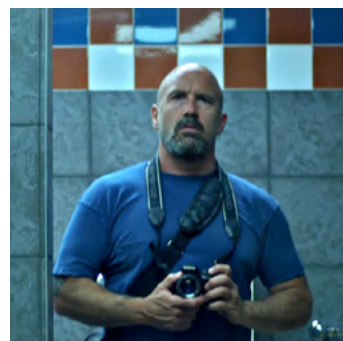


Luis Saenz - Luis Saenz is a Mexican transfer to the USA, even so he has not forgotten his roots and traditions. Introduced to photography by his father, who gave him his first camera during his teens; it wasn't until recently that he started to become serious about his hobby. He refers to himself as a fighter for social justice, specially when it comes to the human rights of the immigrants and tries to use his talent to make a difference; and just like any other artist; tries to make a statement. He looks for that perfect picture in every shot, while attempting to define his own style. Every now and then he has the opportunity to explore

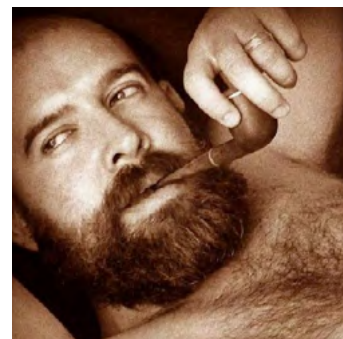
male portraiture. The theme for this issue allowed him not only do that, but also to express some of his inner emotions. Call it bondage, or perversion or just beautiful madness; but he prefers to think of it as maintaining an equilibrium. There can't be white without black, good without bad; and everybody has their deep secrets hidden behind a smile or behind closed doors. What matters is to find that middle point where things just fall in place. He now lives in Oklahoma City with his partner.



David Goldenberg - I was born in the early sixties in Israel. In my late thirties I left everything and moved to North America. After nine amazing years in sunny South Florida and a year in Vancouver I left everything again and moved to London where I currently live and work. I consider myself as a people photographer. My favorite subjects are men, big, burly, hairy and bearded men. I especially love photographing my partner Louis, with whom I collaborate in many of my photographic and video works. The most important part of my photography is to communicate body language. I am fascinated by people's state of mind and emotions, which is what I try to bring out in my photos. I am not what you can call a "safe" photographer, one who plans a shoot from beginning to end in every detail. I bring an idea and then work together with my models to complete the shoot. For every photo that I take there is also the part of what the model brings and I want to thank all the models who have taken the time and patience to work with me, especially on the projects for Masculine magazine. My work has been exhibited around the world in Australia, Taiwan, Europe and the Americas. I have produced work for club posters, various websites, blogs and also participated in couple of books.



Tim Gerken - I live in the Leather Stocking Region of upstate NY and teach writing at a small state college. I have always been interested in looking out through the lens of a camera, mostly to avoid getting my picture taken. As a kid I shot Polaroids, then at 18 I was given an Olympus OM-10 and started the conscious process of looking for beauty. In 2006 I began using a digital camera, but I still look through those original lenses. And, I no longer mind getting my picture taken.



Juan José Huerta (green belly) is a 44-year-old Mexican bear's who works in the office of the censuses in his country. For over 20 years has dedicated his free time to the various forms of art including drawing, watercolor, engraving and photography. He has presented his work in more than 25 collective and 15 individual exhibitions. He is convinced that the arts are a great detonator of fantasies, dreams and life experiences, and that the titles he gives his works are haiku - each of which builds its own story. On this occasion, he presents a series of digital self-portraits that have erotic, organic, dark and Gothic aspects. Juan coordinates a group of bears in his hometown (León, Guanajuato) and is a fan of the ursine activities.



ALL MEN ARE KUNST & WALTER

BRAD GUNN|
VINCENT KEITH|
HARALD LIGTVOET|
GEORGE PLIONIS|
DOUGLAS MC MANUS|
TIMO RISSANEN|

SUPERVISED BY
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THE BLACK VEIL

Jon Eland

The practice of obscuring someone's face by covering it with a piece of material is a practice that goes back at least 3000 years - and continues today. The reasoning behind this is still generally held today - to cover women or objects so that men are protected from their urges - usually set by some religious or cultural imperative.

Since starting the project I've identified different uses of veils - and different attitudes to those using them. The broader project uses different colours of veils - however these images focus on black (and dark) veils.

"Death is the veil which those who live call life; They sleep, and it is lifted."

Percy Bysshe Shelley

You can see more of Jon's work at www.butilikeit.co.uk





In Europe the white veil is largely reserved for marriage and specifically as a symbol of virginity - whereas the darker veil is reserved for death and mourning. In Victorian times, many strict rules around mourning arose - with defined waiting periods after death but more importantly there was the social imperative to wear a veil - but I wanted to go back further and understand why the use of the veil came about, I am still researching this but it's a tradition which goes back as far as Roman times and continued throughout Mediaeval Europe.

My thoughts then turned to why and how mourning can occur and the emotions that come along with it. Often this can be about loss and separation; how those left behind can feel deserted, angry or resentful about being left behind. That the loss can leave a void - that a sense of lacking direction can be added to by the obscured vision from behind the veil. The veil also creates a distinct separation,

accentuating the original loss with a barrier placed between the mourner and those around them.

"The future is hidden by a dark impenetrable veil, and yet we struggle to pierce through:

J. B. Lightfoot

I considered how mourning doesn't have to be for a person. Loss of anything can lead to the feeling of a void - from pets to objects, to the more abstract - loss of youth or opportunities, for things otherwise missing or unfound or even access to social networks. The veil cannot only be a source of enforced distance - but occasionally a comfort; an opportunity to give the distance needed to gather one's thoughts, to achieve an alternate world view or to disconnect - the interpersonal version of logging off. A break in communication.



The original project started in an attempt to change the relationship between the model and photographer. The veil, like a mask, creates distance and allows a separation to occur. Discussing these things with the models after has led to comments such as it allowing them to be less restrained or to behave in a more playful manner - and that just a thin layer of material that they can see through allows them to better ignore the camera. It provides a filter, a diffuser and a way to change the lighting and appearance of the person under it.

The project also considers the fact that, with the exception of African tribes, the veil is almost solely the preserve of female wearers and that, by placing men under it, there is a form of cultural shift taking place. This is a step short of cross-dressing - but it does question the conventions and attempts to bring a masculine accent to the tradition.

"Virtue has a veil, vice a mask."

Victor Hugo

I'd like to thank all the models who contributed to the project and who allowed me to direct them in ways that they would generally question in the first instance. I hope their faith has been rewarded. 'Veiled' will be released in book format later in 2013. A full set of the images submitted for this article will be available on my website.

THE BLACK MIX

Brian Maier



As a gay man, the color black has come to be analogous to leather, sex, and bondage. Black is prominent in many of the festivals I attend here in San Francisco, and those flagging the shade or wearing it are typically trying to embody a sense of masculinity and power. I felt like a good coupling to the mix this month would be some choice black and whites of me in attire that featured a lack of color, and so those shots are presented here. My dear friend Alex Girard -- a tremendously gifted photographer -- was kind enough to lend me an afternoon so we could capture these stills.

Black to me also has a sense of promise and hope that may seem opposite to what some call "a lack of color." In black, there is the possibility of more, the possibility of all color, and the possibility of the infinite. It is infinite because it has no hues, yet it still makes a statement all its own.

Of course when I got the theme for this quarter's zine I was immediately drawn to let the music tell the story of darkness giving birth to color and energy. Musically, the mix this quarter starts out dark and moves to light; it has a bit of a trance like vibe, a hypnotic energy that takes the listener in to the depths of their consciousness to explore what black means for them. I hope you enjoy!

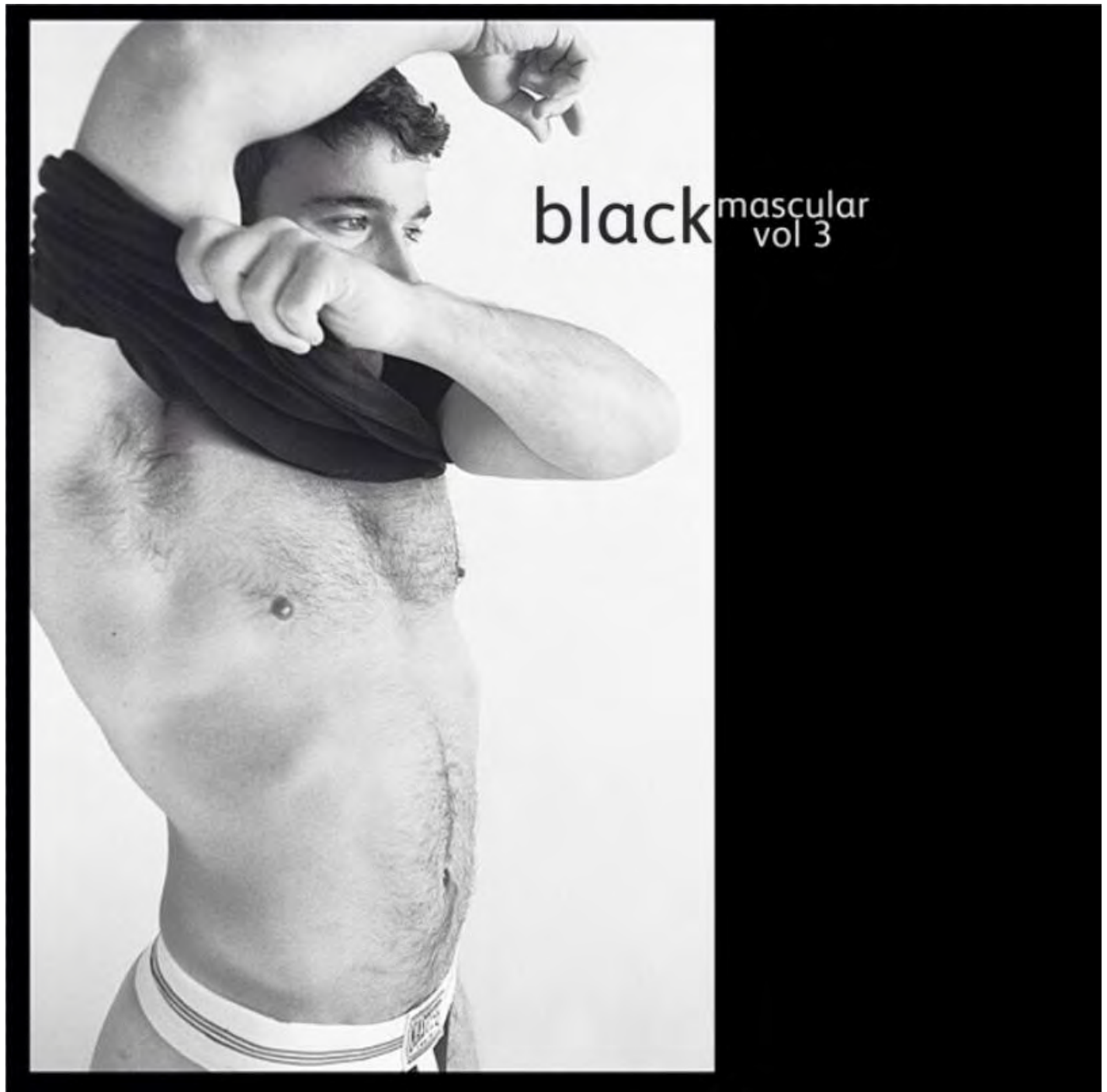
www.djbrianmaier.com

Photos by: Alexander Girard.

You can see more of Alex's work on Instagram: [apgirard](https://www.instagram.com/apgirard)



LISTEN TO OR DOWNLOAD THE MIX HERE



If you would like to hear Brian Maier's 'Travel' Mix, you can download it from
<https://soundcloud.com/brianmaier/mascular-vol-3> or on iTunes.
The icons below will take you there directly.



WWW

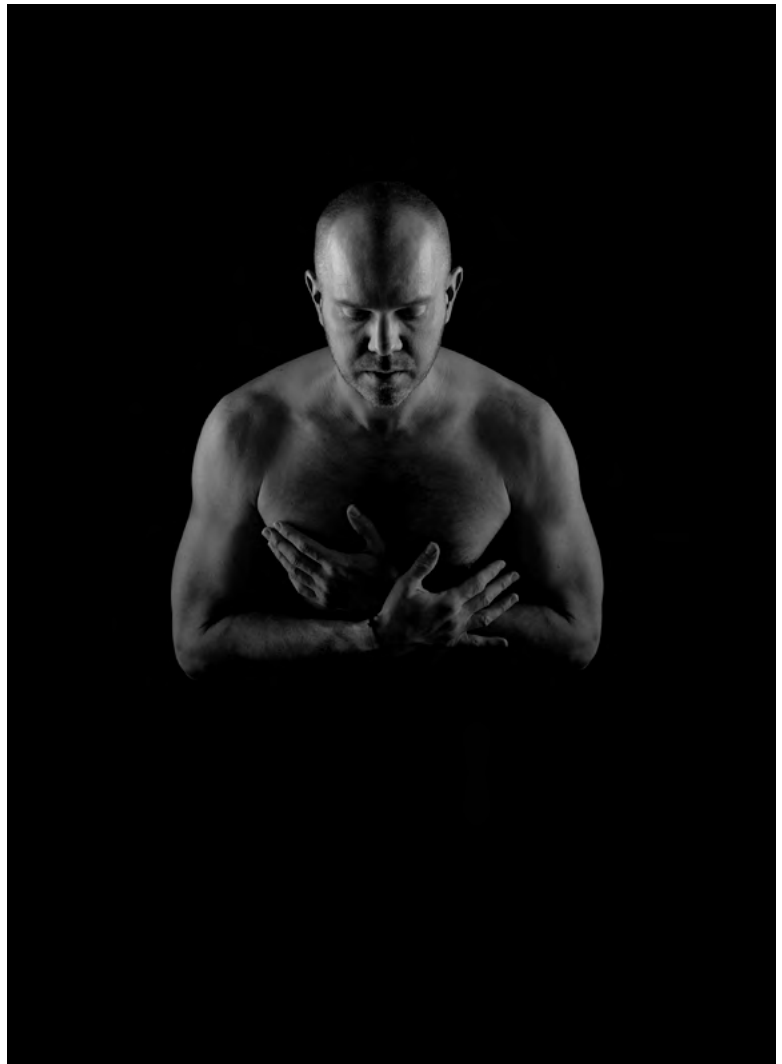


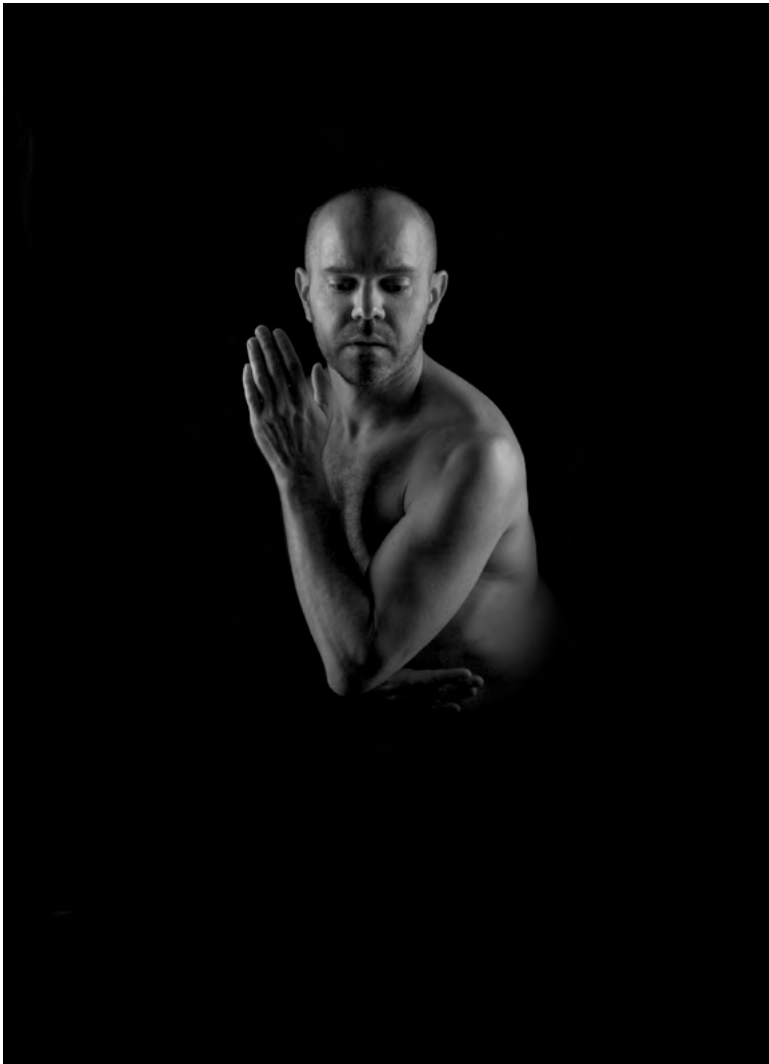
EMERGE

Joseph D. R. O'Leary

"Emerge" is a series that started in response to life-altering events—the unexpected death of my brother, and the long and frustrating road to being diagnosed with Lyme disease—both of which resulted in a hopelessly dark and difficult time in my life. "Emerge" is a metaphorical glimpse into the emotional and physical process of recovery. As this process continues, I embrace the "light" of days ahead, while accepting the redefined course that life continues to present to me.

You can see more of Joseph's work at www.jdro.com, www.ofbeardsandmen.com and www.vetodesign.com









ART IS A VIRUS

BJ Broekhuizen

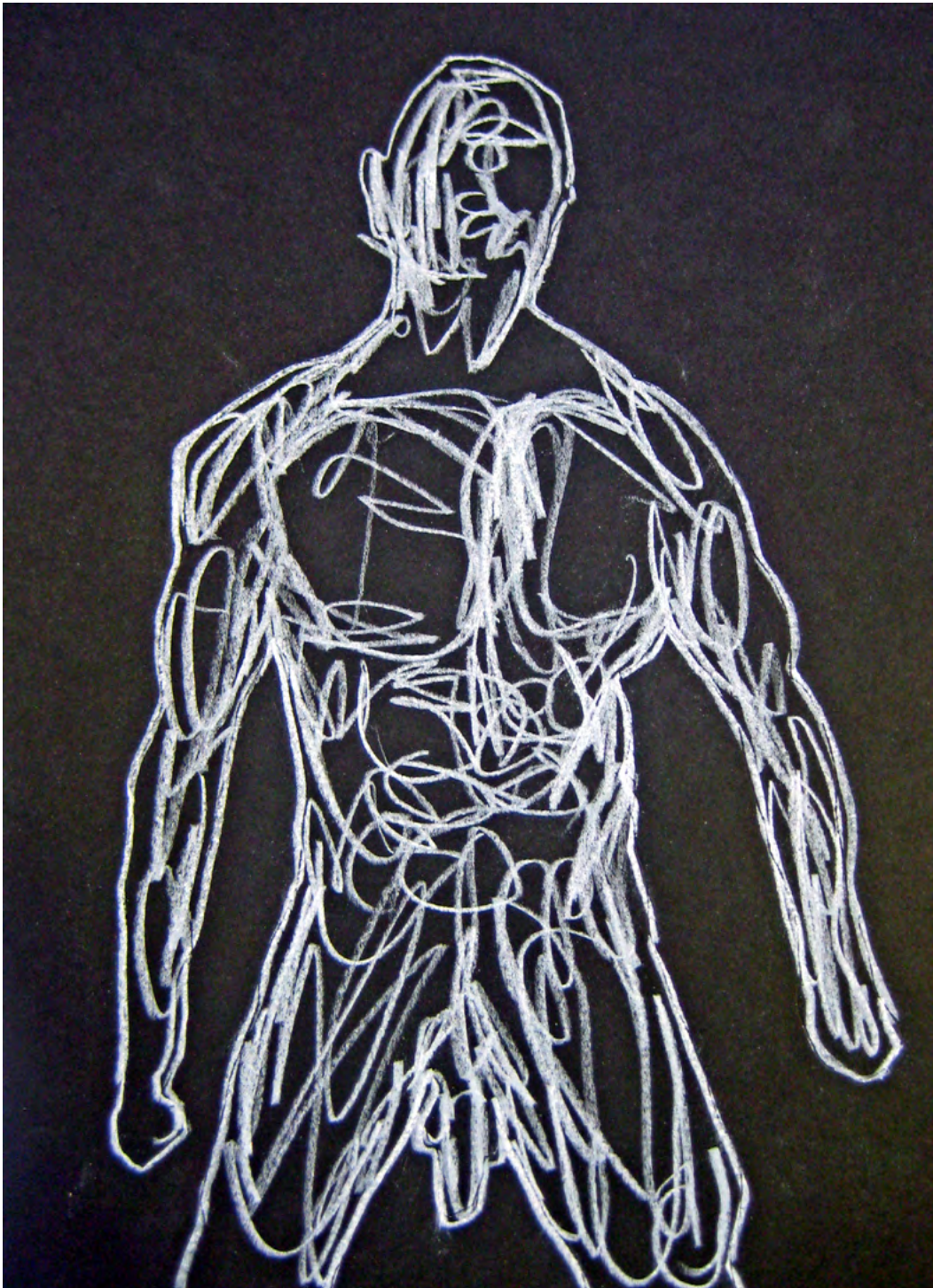
Drawing inspiration from biology and natural science to the physicality of the human form and its unnatural manipulation, Anabolic Warrior, Cape Town born artist BJ Broekhuizen creates a range of beautifully dark, strong hypnotizing ink and acrylic drawings and paintings.

"My art remains closely linked to my personal state of my mind and body. Anatomy. Since childhood I have been struggling to sublimate my mental sufferings into a Broekhuizen philosophy. I feared darkness and destruction. By making artworks using obsession with cells and body has helped me overcome my fear.

You can see more of BJ's work at www.bjbroekhuizen.com









I think I was saved by producing artworks. Art to me is my Life. My abstract world, a black world with no rules. A complex world of shape, form and lines that produces its own language.

No right or wrong.

Just a complex code to try and break through to get it to communicate to others.

Art is an illness, a Black Virus.

It cannot be cured."





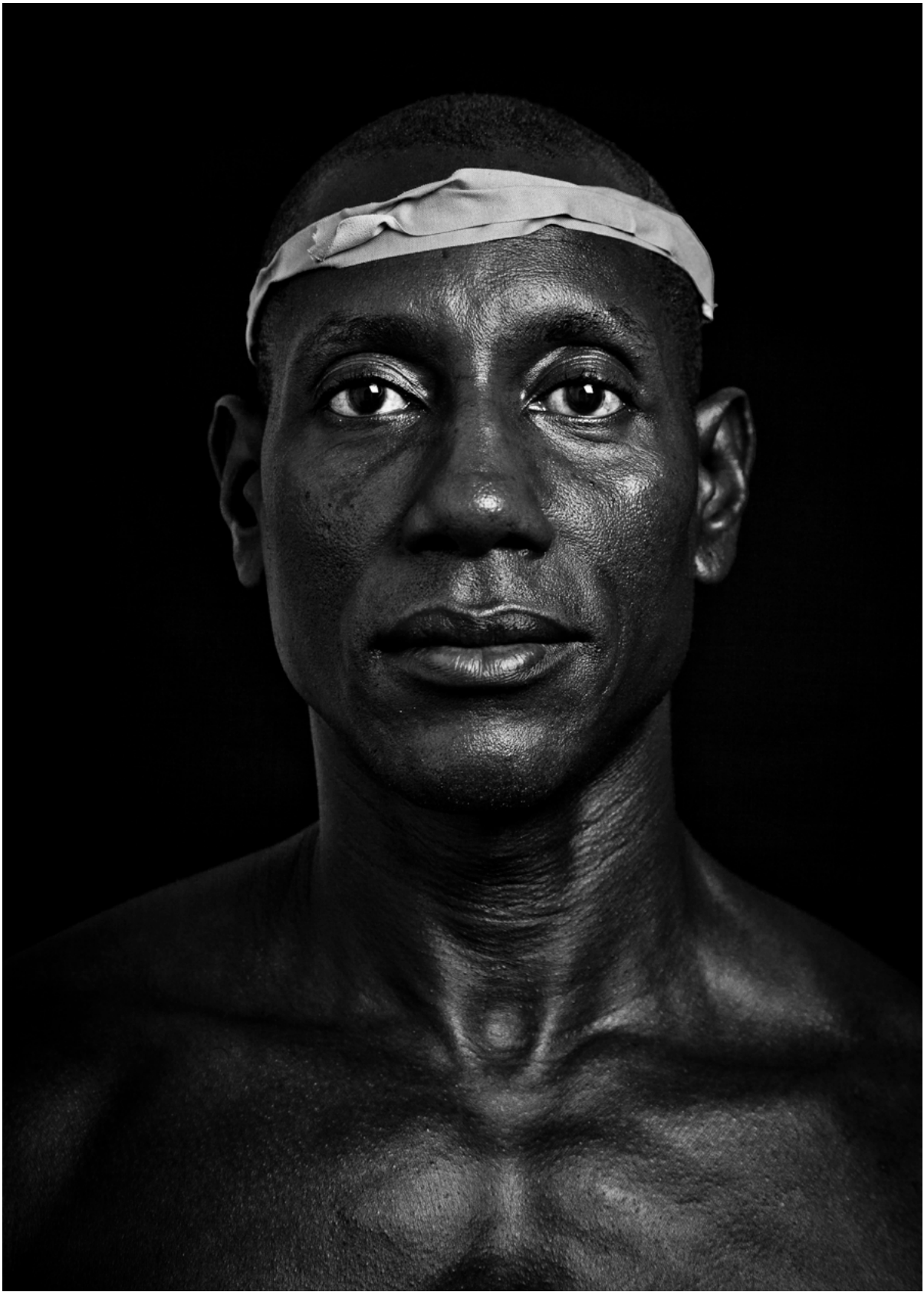
BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

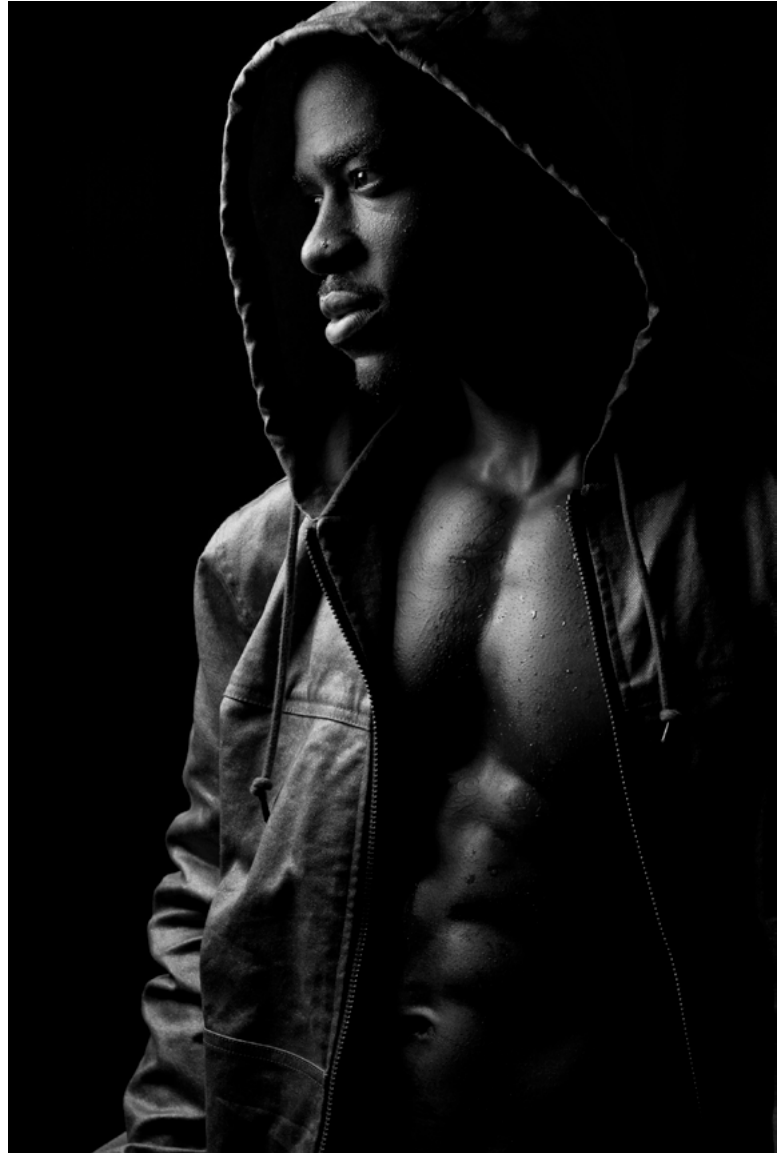
Javier Hirschfeld

I was born in Malaga's Plaza de la Merced, the same Square where Picasso was born, six years after the death of the genius. School trips to every Picasso exhibition in the city, visits to other galleries with my family and the encouragement of my artistic godmother had me interested in art and aesthetics since my first memories. My inability to do figurative drawing took me to explore abstract, mainly oil painting, ready made art and pop art. But as soon as I was old enough to look after a camera and deal with the dark room liquids I started capturing the human form with photography.

The transition from film to digital caught me in the transition from my teens to my twenties; that time in life when budget is not great and priorities, dreams and hobbies are confusing. Then, after seeing Pedro Almodovar's *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* 60 times I decided I wanted to be a film director. I moved to Madrid to study TV Direction. Jobs in the visual industry: video editor, motion graphic designer... Now I had a job and could buy my D-SLR. And London gave me a great variety of subjects to shoot. As soon as I took a portrait of my first black subject I become a slave to beauty and could not stop trying to capture the charm, grace and inspiring physique of the dark-skinned Londoners.

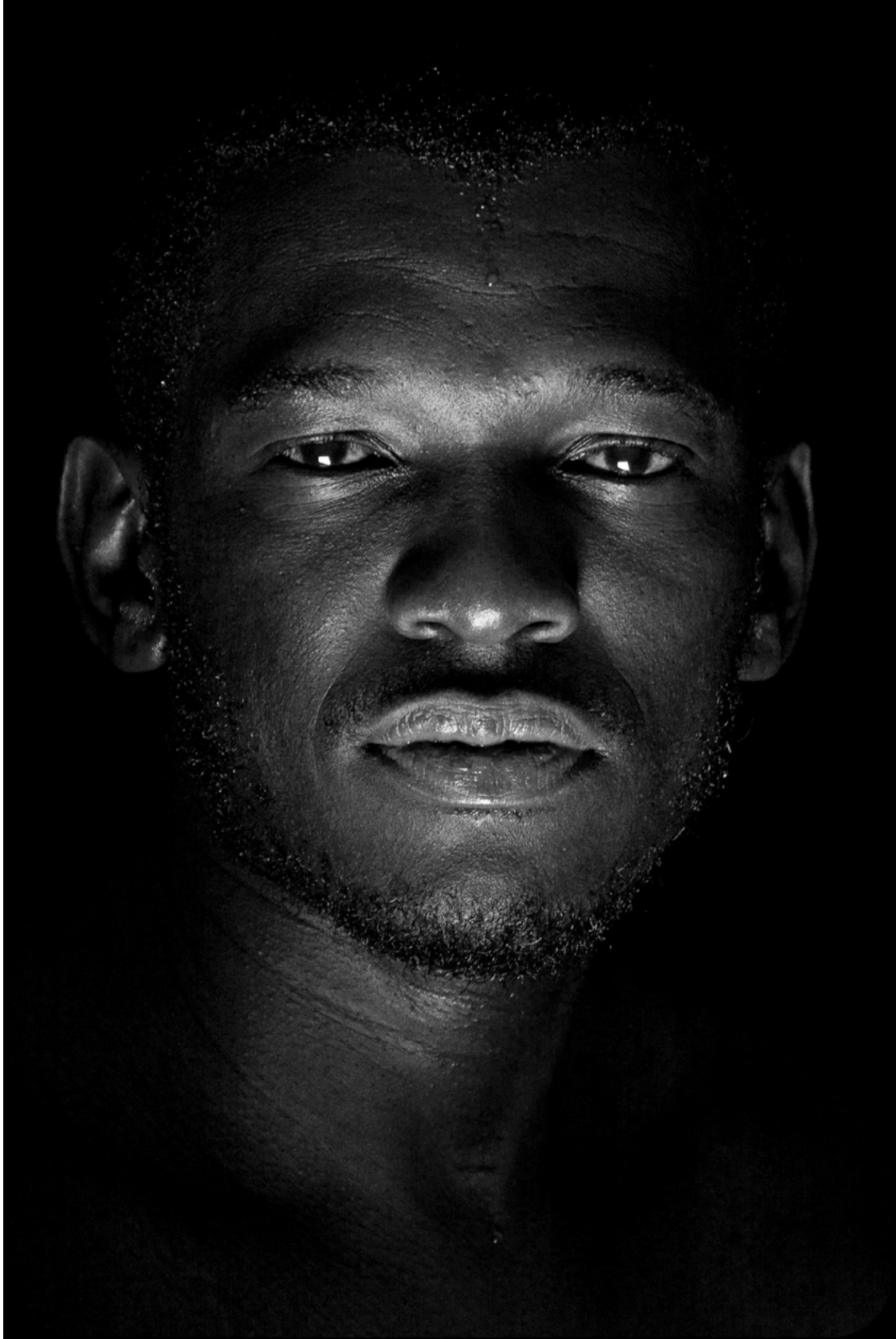
You can see more of Javier's work at www.javierhirschfeld.com.



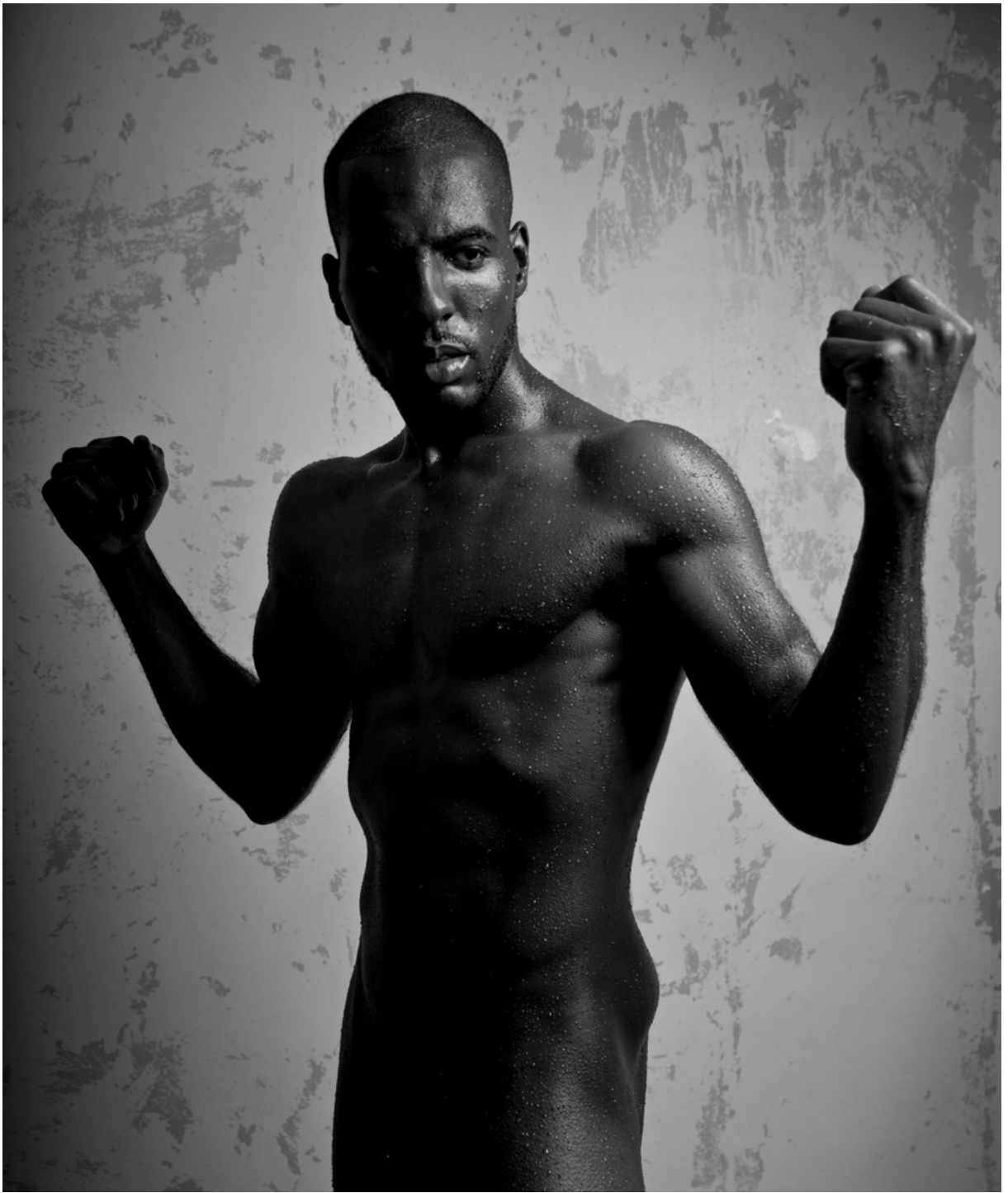


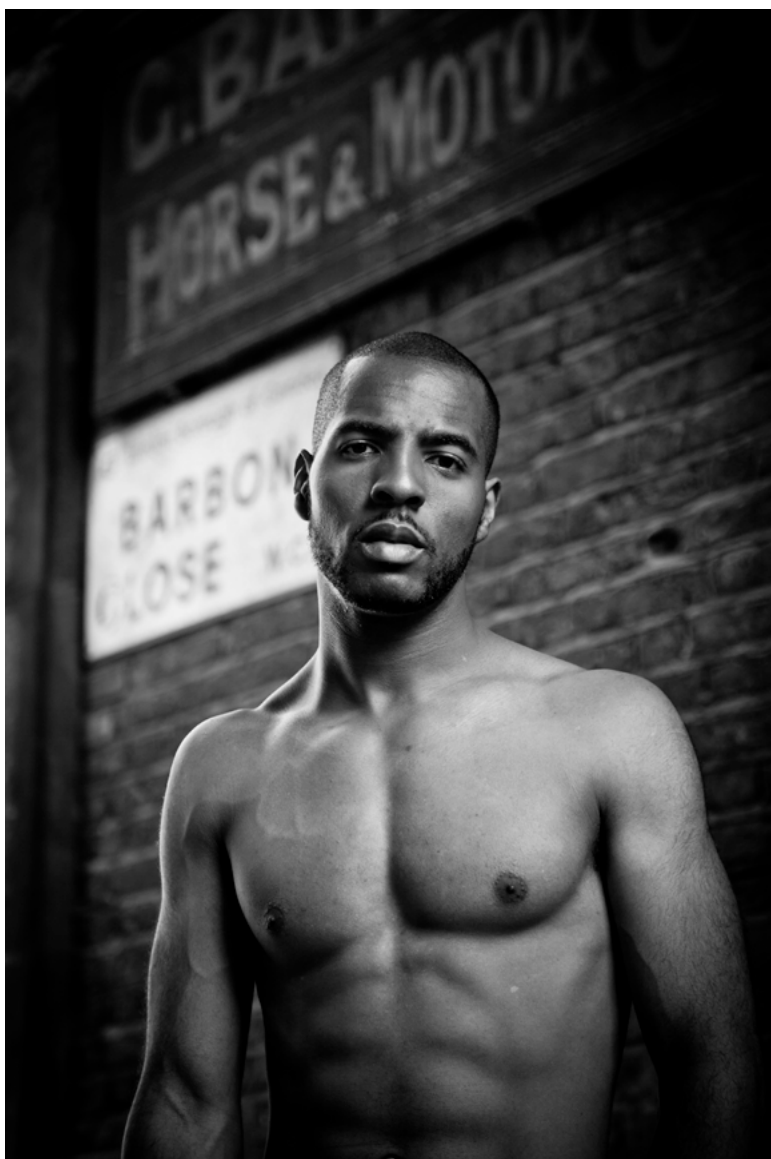
Becoming the Picture Editor for the BBC Homepage forced me to learn everyday more about photography and gave me a good position to take up history of art in Birkbeck University. And this slave to beauty became enslaved to the charms of the works of Rossetti, Michelangelo, Raphael, Delacroix, and above all Michelangelo Merisi di Caravaggio. As my neighbour did I decided to challenge the past.

My first trip to Africa made me realise how little I knew about African art and culture and how much I wanted to learn. The island of Goree, one of the main harbours for the African slave trade to America, was the place for my first exhibition outside Europe and the best location for new portraits in black..



OMAR, 2010 - HARLEY STREET, MARYLEBONE, LONDON





(L) ANTHONY DODD, 2011 - BARBON CLOSE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON
(R) ANTHONY DODD, 2011 - HARLEY STREET, MARYLEBONE, LONDON



NATURE MORTE

Vincent Keith

I enjoy photographing flowers. They offer many of the aspects and challenges in photography that I enjoy, ranging from texture and form to creating interesting compositions. The fact that they are so conventionally beautiful inspires me to try and reveal something different. A pretty picture of a pretty natural object doesn't really do much for me. Instead, trying to create an emotional response to the

simple aesthetics of a flower - now that's a worthy pursuit. In this series, I chose to photograph flowers that had lost the characteristics that generally define flowers - colour, vitality and structure. I decided to leave the bouquet intact - sort of a memory of what once was, and tried to evoke a sense of melancholy and fragility.

You can see more of Vincent's work at www.vgkphoto.com.









A CALL FROM A DARK PLACE

David Goldenberg

I don't know how to start, well I am a guy in my 30's who pretty much live under cover in this horrible country where I can't be who I am. I LOVE MEN and I can say that here as much as I can. In my country, I can't be gay, I can't even think like gay. It is too dangerous and you just don't know who you are going to meet and what will happen. I can only dream about having someone to hug and to kiss and to sleep at night. I would like a big man to hold me and to get lost in his arms but it is just a dream. I will have to get married, my family are asking too many questions. But just the thought of holding a woman makes me sick and having sex with her is something that terrified me. I will have to do that I know, I can't run forever from my family. Sometimes I think maybe I will finish it all. I hate my life.



I live alone in a small apartment .. I know its not like my parents house but its OK after all .

And I just work to save some money and I really need a good friend in this moment but the work and the study and collage take all of my time .. And as I said before you are the only one that know all my secrets :)

And as you said there working in a coffee shop makes me meet a lot of interesting people ! Already meet a saudi prince , and a lot of editors in big papers and magazines !

Still feel desperate and don't know why .. Feel like there is something wrong !

Maybe because when I moved on and trying to make this easier for me

I'm thinking to start taking PROZAC .

And let me tell u something about my country and its make me sick even when I think about it .. Because my country use the islamic religion same as IRAN

So we don't got movies and there is no women drive a car ... Etc

Its just so bad .. And deal with it every single day !

Anyway I will get out from here soon and there is no way that life that I will get worse then that !





How am I doing you said? well, it was not the best month. Do you remember when you said that maybe I can “experience” more when I get the chance to go on a business trip? I had the chance last week. I was supposed to have a one week business trip to London and I was really looking forward to it. Unfortunately, my son got really sick a week earlier so I had to cancel the trip. He had suffered so many complications but he is better now. So the past couple of weeks were rough and of course extremely hectic. (I told you we were probably busy for different reasons ;-))

Buenas noches, amigo!

You have a daughter, don't you? So, WHEN DID YOU FIND OUT THAT YOU ARE GUY? where you married? What happened? Am I asking a lot of questions?! : S

I I was wondering lately ..What if I didn't be happy after all this .
I know I'm not happy here .. But when I start my new life is it going to be happier ? This is driving me crazy and I really need your advice .

Since I was a little child, I somehow knew that I was gay. My little brain might not have been able to digest the whole idea of being gay, hell I did not even know the word gay, but that was the case. I remember my first crush. I was in the first grade and he was with me in the same class. we spent two years in the same school but then my father had to relocate so I left that school.... Of course that was the last I saw him.

Let's fast forward through time. I have had a few crushes here and there but of course I never spoke of them. Why? Where I live it is no option being gay! literally!.... I graduated school, had a job for several years, and so the next step was to get married... This is how it should be here... This is what everyone is supposed to do and actually does.

Therefore, I got married. Am I still attracted to other men? yes! Can I do something about it? No! All I can do is try to bury it deep and try to convince everyone, including my wife, that I am happy. That my life is normal... That it is not just a big play and that I am giving it my best to play that role.

A couple of years passes by, and I became a father. They told me "congratulations, you had a son" and some how it was a relief! Previously, I had my doubts that my family, somehow, sensed that I am not straight. Maybe I was paranoid, but now with the new son, my pretend sexual orientation is more convincing..... Time passes by and I am still the same... Still attracted to other men.

You may think less of me for living this life, but I have no choice! Coming out is not an option. It is not just frowned upon socially, but even punishable by law. Not to mention the great shame that it would bring to the whole family!





Your words in your last message you sent touch my heart .. Really made me cry a lot .. Made me relies that if I started my new life I will be alone .. I don't know how much long .. But I'm so sure its long enough to make me living dead person .. My work and my study make me busy all the time .. I know it will be fun in the first month because I'm workaholic ... And it will distract me of my strict .. But I'm afraid of the time that I will sleep every night in my bed feeling so alone and disparate .

That's makes me relies why I'm so attached with you because I don't know anyone else .

It just hurts me a lot .. but its my choice .. And when I choice this way of life I knew that will be problems but its ok .

I did the exorcise that you asked me to do and it went like this :

My happiness list :

- 1- I love when I go after a long day of working too my bed and hug my pillow and sleep !
- 2 - I love when I get day off and spend my day walking on the beach
- 3 - I love my one and only friend Laila
- 4 - I love when I write you a message and makes me so happy when I see that I got one from you
- 5 - I love hugging people .. Just feels worm :D
- 6 - I love watching movie .. Specially the romantic comedy stuff
- 7 - I love life .. Even when I get down I know that I will get up again because giving up is for losers
- 8 - I love .. Someone will come someday in sometime and will ask me out in someplace and I will say yes ! LOL just waiting for this day to come.

Thank you so much for being always by my side

The second time I was more experienced. "I Could play the game", I thought to myself; and I did. I have been married now for about 4 years and I have a son. It is not the best marriage in the world but it is working. There have been a few nights when it was unbearable and she was questioning my love to her, especially when she was hormonal, but every time I talk her into believing that everything is fine.

I try to have sex often, and I physically can start my motors, but it feels to me like I am just doing my duties. Just doing the homework. and I think it will be the same for the rest of my life!

Will I be able to live the rest of my life normally? I somehow loved to think so, but reading your e-mail got me doubt everything. I guess all I can do is give it my best and let the ship sail.

Sometimes I imagine what my life would be like if I were born somewhere else. What it would be like if I could change some things, if I could break free of these lawful, religious, social chains! They say being homosexual is psychological!! Then how come I was this way since I was a little kid! They say it is a choice! Who on earth would choose to live the life that I am living?!!

Dear David, please don't feel sorry for me... because there is nothing that I hate more than when people feel sorry for me. This is the life I am destined to live and I will live it. It is not always dark... It has its ups and downs and I will learn to accept it.

I think I bothered you with a long e-mail this time. I guess I just enjoy talking to someone about it... Someone who listens and understands :-)

Please feel free to write back anytime. I will look forward to it. and I might even bother you with a couple of e-mails from time to time and I am afraid you can do nothing about it :).... well, except maybe blocking me or deleting me... Other than that, you got absolutely nothing : p

Looking to hear from you soon.





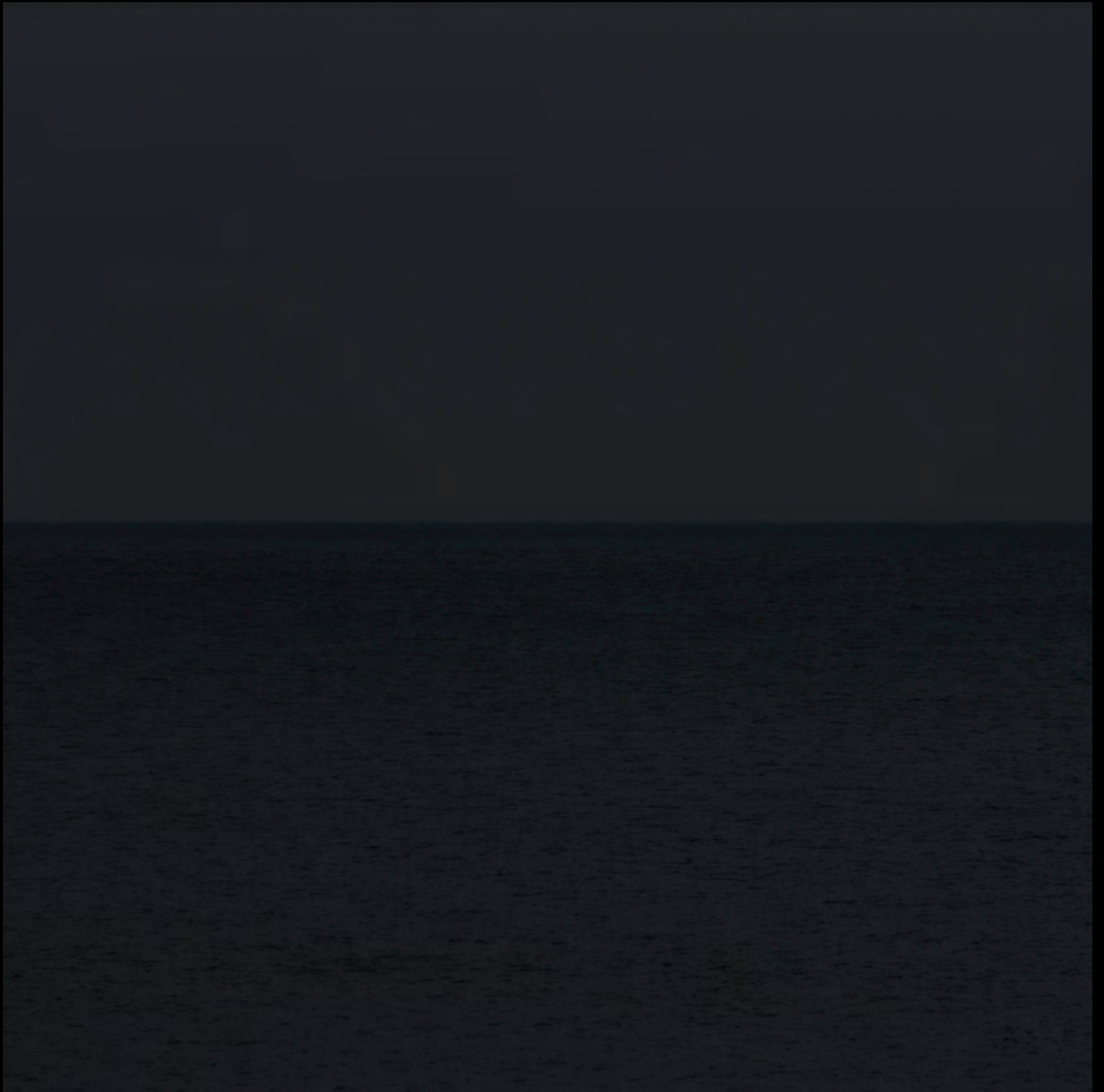
A while ago, I met this guy on the net. He seemed like a smart, funny guy. It started in a public forum. He had a nice (virtual) personality that I liked and I believe he felt the same. So, we started exchange e-mails. We talked and talked. He was married, with three kids... but somehow I sensed that he liked me more than just a friend. Anyway, your e-mail got me thinking: why shouldn't I do something about it? It is true that I don't even know if he was gay or not, but I thought that I should meet him in person, talk to him, feel him out and maybe I can tell to decide whether I should go forward or not.

To be honest, it was not easy. For a moment, I felt glimpse of courage so I decided to act on it before it wears out. I asked him out to a lunch. He hesitantly agreed. We set the time, the restaurant, and so our blind date was confirmed. Of course we both was nervous. He even texted me that he was nervous as if we were going on a date and that it was ridiculous he feels that way. And he joked that maybe we can postponed three years and that we can always blame it on our different lunch breaks!

As I said, I did not know by then if he was gay or not... but common, judging by his msgs and emails, I think that it was leaning more toward that, don't you agree?

So, we met. He was already there in the restaurant when I arrived. He told me that he was already there and that he was sitting at the last table and there he was.

We had lunch, talked for an hour or a little bit more. It was kind of fun, but I didn't feel much attracted to him. We parted saying that we should definitely should get together again. But probably he will be a friend more than anything else. But who knows what might happen.



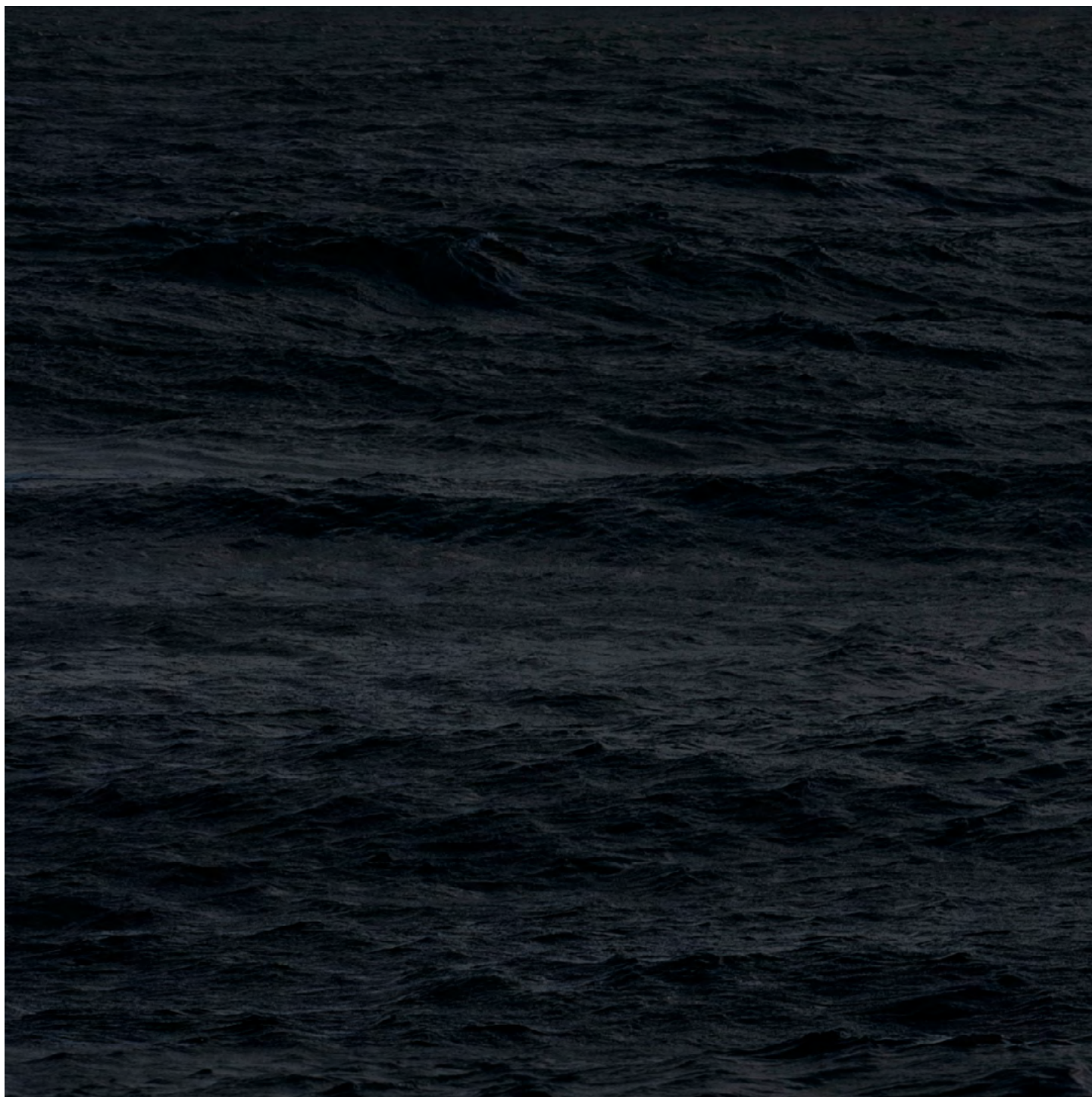
SEASCAPES

Jonathan Dredge

Is there such a thing as abstract photography? Is it possible to capture the atmosphere of a place? On a recent visit to the Cornish coast I set myself a challenge - to try and record the quality of light; the same light that brought so many artists to the fishing village of St Ives since the middle of the 19th Century...

With the horizon as my starting point, I started shooting throughout the day, and was very aware how quickly the light conditions change, from minute to minute. Using the sea and the sky as the focus meant there was a blank canvas for the light and elements to play on. With mist drifting in and out, drizzle turning to rain and then clearing, afternoon turning to dusk, and then to the deep blues and blacks of the night; the view before me changed from second to second.

You can see more of Jonny's work at www.jonathandredge.com



There is a calmness to the final images, with the depth of fog or rain causing a blurred demarkation between the sea and the sky, with one drifting into to other, without clarity. They became more tonal

compositions rather than images of things, like Rothko's late work or the black paintings created by some of the Abstract Impressionists in the 50s (hausderkunst). The images are also redolent of the work



of the Japanese photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto, which I have since discovered, thanks to Vincent Keith. Coincidentally, the link between his work and Rothko's Black painting has already been explored at

the Pace Gallery in 2012. Sugimoto's work is black and white and epic in scale, where as the photos presented here are more intimate and in colour. The more you look at some of the work, the more hues and



tones you see. Slowly the eye makes out rich greens, inky blues, and steely slate greys.

Black, it seems, is very rarely simply black...

*I am a hunter. You know who I am, but you do not know me. I see you as you are and as you could be. I see what you cannot see. My vision will be made real. Your potential is my prey.
I shall have you.*

*You protect the image that is you, even if it is untrue.
I can see through your defences. They are no match for my will.*

Acquiesce.

*My tools are elemental. My weapon was forged long ago. It's birth went unnoticed at first. Then it was embraced by many. They gave willingly. Just as you shall. I covet that which you will not show. I seek to own your vulnerabilities.
You are clay for me to mould, for me to shape.*

Acquiesce.

*Under my gaze, you will not change. You will not age. Your perfection will endure, but it will no longer be yours. It belongs to me. Such a small thing, your image. Ever lasting and unique.
Can you know what it is that you have given away?*

Acquiesce.

*I will take your soul and explode it into millions of tiny pieces.
Now they belong to me. I will arrange them and manipulate them and fix them as I see fit.
It will never be the same. It will never be yours again.
You revel in being captured. Relax, for in time, you will give willingly.*

Acquiesce.

*You and I will meet at a crossroads. This place is where the physical realm and the spiritual cross. This magic place is where our paths will become one. We come from different places and when we part, you will leave something behind.
Lay it on the ground before me.*

Acquiesce.

*'But it isn't me' - you will say. And I shall smile. I shall leave you to you contradictions, for I have what I came for. We have concluded our business. An exchange has been made. From nothing, we have created something tangible.
By virtue of your gift, I shall set you free and you will live forever.*



RAYS OF BLACK

Satyri Conte

Black is the shadow.

Lack is the black of our shadows.

Black is the undercover of our civilised, coloured life.

Rays of black revealed another life underneath the daily life.

This one where many ghosts, temptations, desires wriggle.

But it's where it's possible to lapse into unconsciousness.

Touch the lack of the black and graze other energies is the aim of the Satyriconte project.

Satyriconte or the contemporary tale of a satyre.

Satyriconte is a mix of two french words: satire and tale.

It's a way to unveil an artistic quest around this theme and inquire into our world from this point of view.

You can see more of Satyri Conte's work at www.satyriconte.net















Satyriconte is a research inquiring the process who educated our bodies to be well educated.

It wonders about the origin of our desire: is it a porno-copy or is it coming from deep in ourselves ?

And furthermore, what about our humanity in front of our hidden desire ?

To explore this land of wondering, we choose to follow the possible life of a satire in our contemporary world. The aim is to encompass

any form of pulsion which could appear in any body. It could be a quest from the darkness of a bush to the light nearby our bed just before we switch off.

This quest would like to reveal other form of filthy picture. It asks the possibility to create our own picture of our fantasies. Are we slave to the ready to be viewed? In this sense, the aim is to find the way to be the craft-men of our own desire. It's also asking : is it possible to generate our own vision ?



BLACK METAL BEAUTY

John Gripenhom

"We wanted to do a black metal inspired beauty since it's such a radical sub-genre and those looks are pretty tempting to play around with. It's extreme in every sense and even darker than black, especially as a beauty and fashion photographer this was really inspiring."

The idea has come up a couple of times but now it felt relevant when I was asked to shoot something on the Black theme.

We wanted to do something that you usually don't find in a gay magazine. To see how it would come alive. I can't say I'm a big fan of the genre even though I listen to it occasionally. There are lots of scary stories when you start digging in the history of fundamental Black metalers but on the whole I guess provocation and the urge to appear as a strong individual as well as find a group identity boils it down to an expression of every human beings' need of being seen and feel love.

You can see more of John's work at www.johngripenholm.com.











PHOTOGRAPHER: John Gripenholm c/o Skinny Dip
STYLING: Christopher Insulander c/o Link Details
MAKE-UP: Elva Ahlbin c/o Agent Bauer
HAIR: Aliina Jun c/o Mikas Looks
MODEL: Roel Rosen @ Nisch Management.



OSCURO SERIES

Chris Lopez

The light is the most important thing in my work and how the light defines the human body is the way that inspires me to start a new artwork.

This is a series of studies of light in black and white starting from the beginning, the darkness. With the simplicity of only a white charcoal pencil.

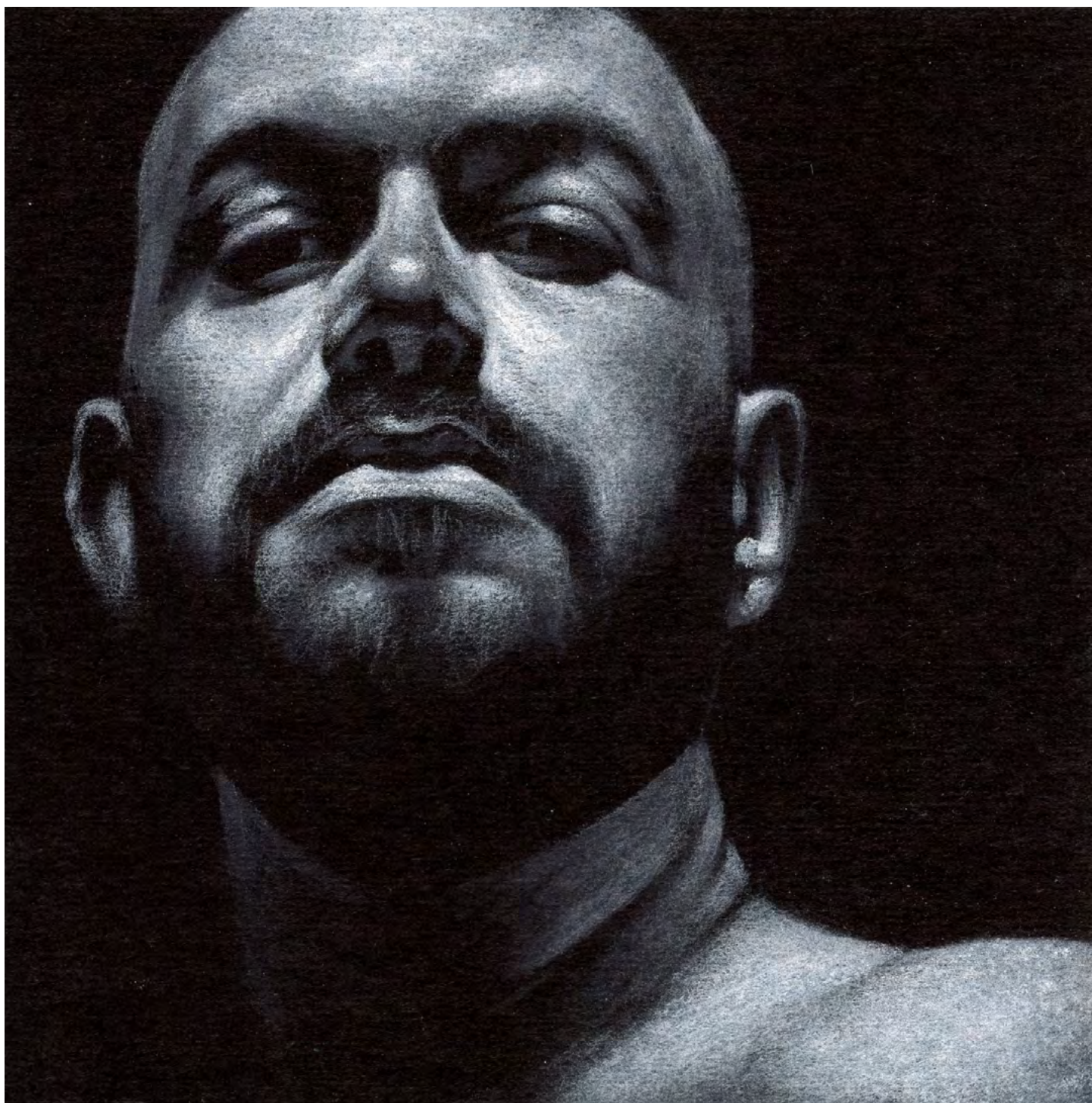
I draw the figure on black pressed paperboard accentuating only the light on the subject and the shadows becoming part of the background.

Also in regards to my digital work I simplified the process with shapes of colour, 2 colours (black and white) or 3 colours with a basic design of the image with lights, shadows and neutral lights.

You can see more of Chris's work at www.lopezgallery.com.









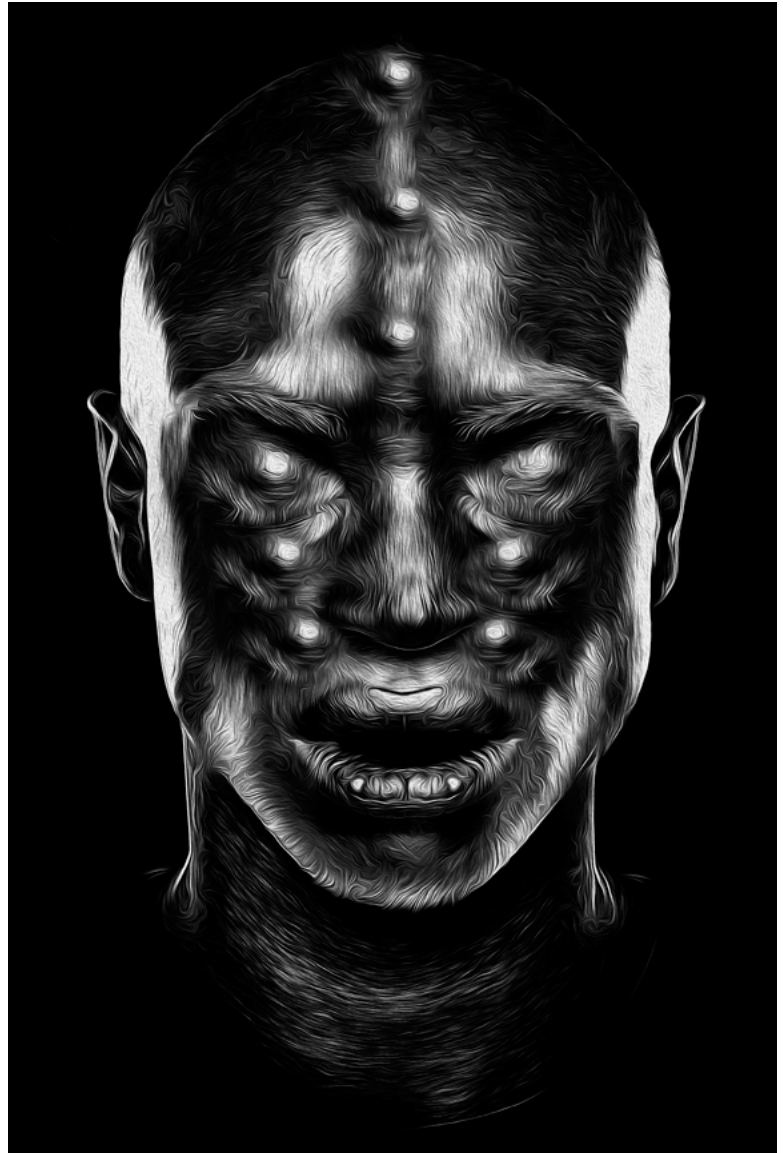
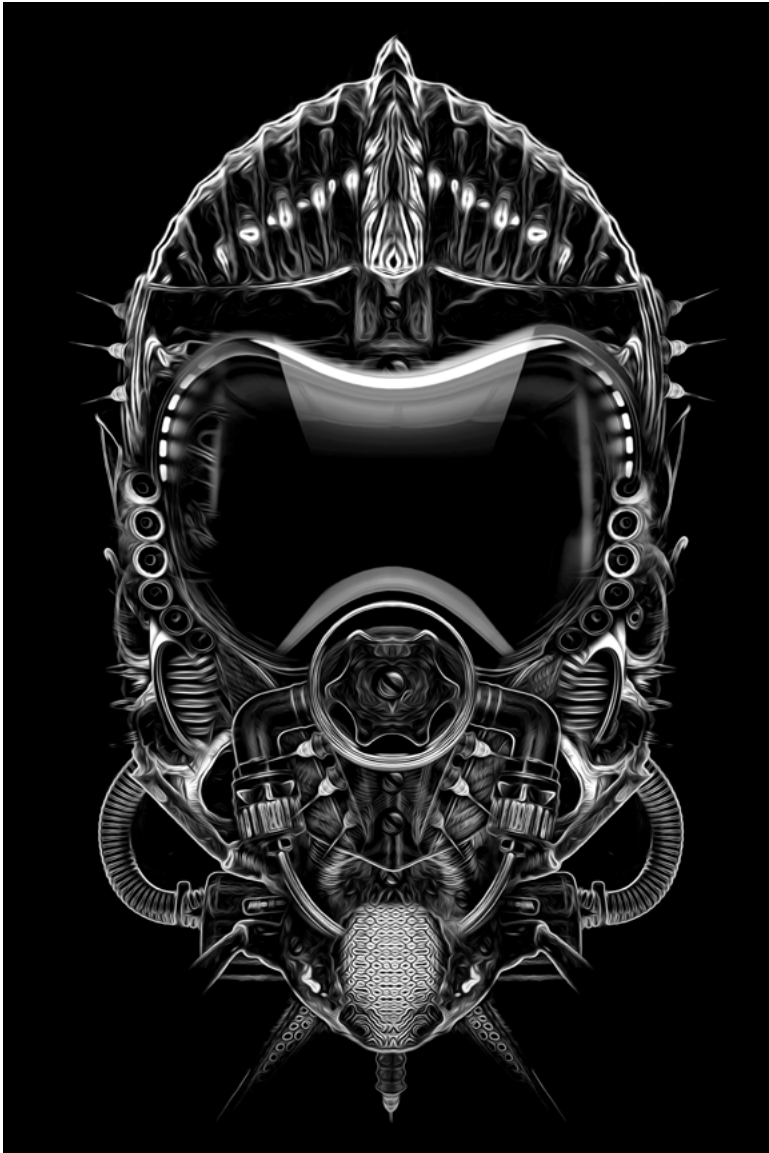




FANTASMAGORIK
Nicolas Obery

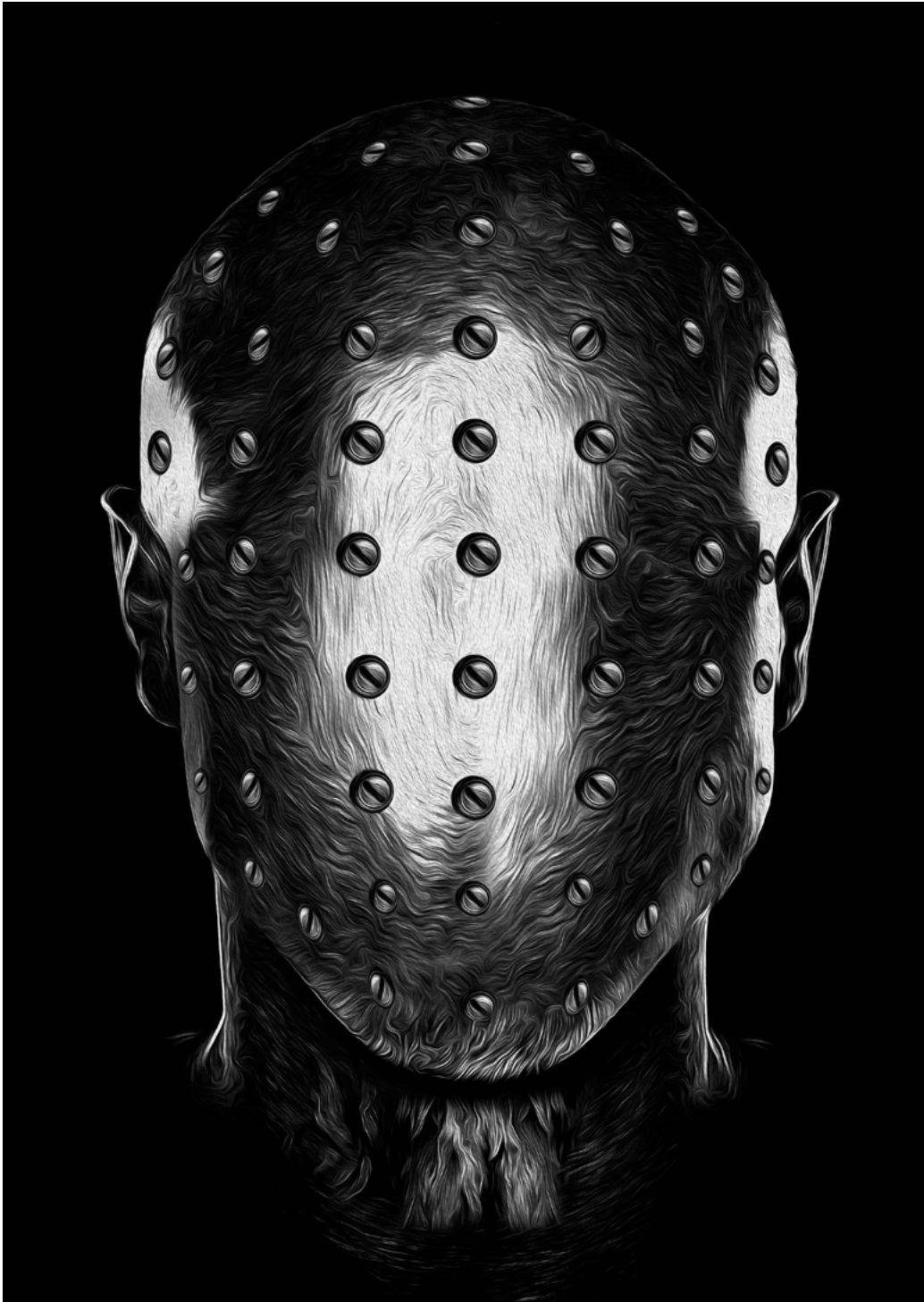
You can see more of Nicolas' work at www.fantasmagorik.fr.













DETONATIONS

Juan José Huerta

Agotó el tiempo pensando en variaciones para su infierno

He spent time thinking about variations to his hell



Elaboró un mapa basándose en las manchas de su piel
He drafted a map based on his skin blemishes



Sólo cambiaba de nombre para suicidarse
He only changed name to commit suicide



Contrató 5 niños para inventar las leyendas
He hired five children to invent the legends



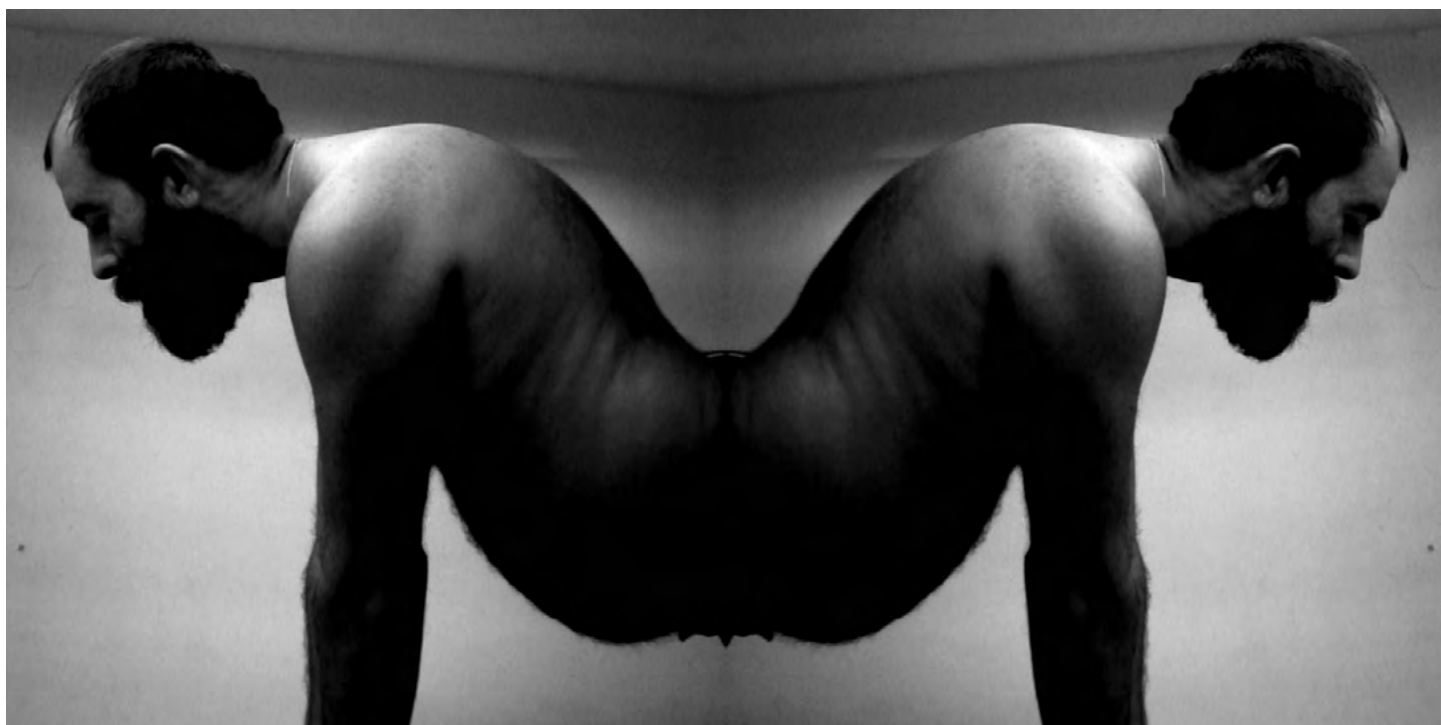
Construyó un tendedero con los bigotes más largos
He built a clothesline with his longer whiskers



Diariamente rociaba 25 gotas de agua a cada estatua de sal
He sprinkled daily 25 drops of water on each salt statue



Los bordados del vestido de novia los hicieron las viudas barbonas
Wedding dress embroideries were made by bearded widows



Cenicienta decidió ir descalza al baile
Cinderella decided to go to the dance barefoot



No tuvo tiempo para platicar con sus parásitos
He had no time to talk with his parasites



MY AGEING BODY

Guido Moens

It took a lifetime for me to accept my body, not that I was that ugly, but I was always looking at others. Now I know that it is not fair to compare, you never win, there's always some one better. Looking at myself through the lens I see another dimension, the satisfaction of creating pictures.

You can see more of Guido's work at www.gmoens.be.







MUSIC REVIEWS

by
Sprechhund

We are fortunate to have Sprechhund as our music editor. He is intimately involved in the music industry and hugely knowledgeable about the contemporary scene. He has chosen three recently released and noteworthy albums to review for this edition of Mascular Magazine.



Random Access Memories Daft Punk

Well so here we finally have it, the fourth studio album from the French dance duo - Thomas Bangalter and Guyman de Homem Christo aka "The Robots".

Has it lived up to the expectations of the best marketing campaign for many years? Hailed as the album of the decade to boot by many – certainly the calibre of featured artist would point us in that direction.

The lead single "Get Lucky" has so far been the best selling single of the year featuring the silky vocals of Pharrell Williams and the unmistakable guitar work of Chic maestro Nile Rogers, there is also another track featuring this sterling line up entitled "Loose Yourself To Dance" which will have you tapping and clapping along till Xmas and apparently make you "Take Pharrell's shirt and wipe that sweat, sweat, sweat

Other notable tracks are "Giorgio by Moroder" where the 70s dance producer Giorgio Moroder responsible for launching Donna Summer and "I Feel Love", describes life as a struggling muso in the 70s ... "My name is Giovanni Giorgio but they call me "Giorgio" before the music launches into an massive seventies instrumental that would not have been out of place in the 70s disco's he describes.

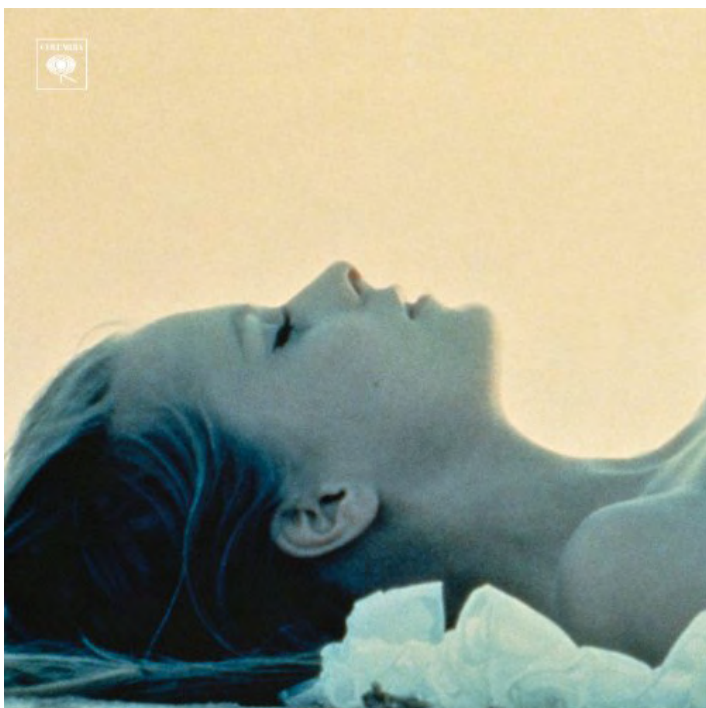
Next up is "Instant Crush" featuring the vocals of Julian Casablancas of The Strokes singing through a vocoder ...very different from his band style.

"Touch by Paul Williams – writer of all "The Muppets" music is an 8 minute musical journey. "Fragments Of Time" featuring the vocals of Todd Edwards is a lovely summery West Coast driving song that would not look out of place on an album made in the seventies by the likes of Steely Dan etc. Panda Bear of Animal Collective provides a lovely vocal on "Doing It Right" which he does in his own inimitable style.

The album closes with "Contact" where the intro features the speech of US astronaut Eugene Cernan of Apollo 17 when he was re-entering the capsule to retune to Earth ... guess its very fitting finale as listening to the album you feel like you have been on a 70 plus minute flight on the spaceship "Daft Punk" ... with The Robots wearing all their influences proudly on their sleeves

A great album - this will be played all summer

[iTunes](#)
[Spotify](#)



BEADY BYE BE

So here we have the second post Oasis outing by Liam Gallagher and the band formed with co-Oasis members Andy Bell and Gem Archer produced by Dave Sitek who brings a little experimental change and adventure to the table.

This is much more grown up and experimental album from Liam and the guys. Lead track "Flick of The Finger" harks back to Velvet Underground with the Primal Scream type brass section thrown in for good measure. Liam has a lot to live up to here following on from his older brother's outing with his High Flying Birds and he has stepped up to the mark.

Other stand out tracks are current single "Second Bite Of The Apple", which is again heavily brass laden; which then follows on to "Soon Come Tomorrow" a great ballad where Liam ask us to "Breathe in Breathe out and Breathe in again" which kind of sums the album up - the band have triumphantly brought Beady Eye to life finally.

"Shine a light" is an upbeat number and "Ballroom Figured" is a nice ballad Don't Brother Me - where Liam offers - "Give peace a chance - take my hand be a man" Is this the olive branch that could see Oasis reunited to celebrate the 20th Anniversary of 'Definitely Maybe' or will we have to wait until the 25th Anniversary ... only time will tell.

The album closes with a well orchestrated ballad entitled "Start Anew" where Liam asks every to "take a chance a start anew" ... maybe we should and hopefully Beady Eye will grow into the band that they promised to be.

[iTunes](#)



KVEIKUR (CANDLEWICK) Sigur Rós

Here we have the second album in just over a year from the Icelandic Post Rockers Sigur Rós - now reduced to a trio with the departure of classically trained Kjartan Sveinsson the band have produced what singer Jonsi calls a "Durdy" sounding album. Kveikur is a 9 track album with a varied selection of styles.

Opening track "Brennisteinn", meaning Brimstone, is very dark and heavy with lots going on ... bloody marvellous .. this song was played live when the band headlined their native Iceland Airwaves Festival last year and surprised a lot of people as musically it's a sharp left turn for the band.

There are some lovely tracks on here with Jonsi's ethereal vocals in great form fresh from performing live for the best part of last year.

The band have definitely settled into being a three piece outfit easily. Hrafninn (Obsidian) and the current single Esaki (iceberg) lovely vocals and beautiful jingly jangly percussion.

Stormur (Storm) is a beautiful choral style vocal with lots of backing and utilizes the string section perfectly.

Kveikur - the title track will no doubt be the favourite of Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor, it's a busy industrial track with Jonsi's unworldly vocals whooshing all over the place.

Blápráður - Electric current is another stand out track.

All the progression that had been expected in Valtari, and was not in some peoples eyes, is delivered here ... Sigur Rós have taken a sharp left turn, moved on and forward

[iTunes](#)



BLACK

Stephan Tobias

In reaction to your call for "black" submissions I started to think about what this subject means to me in aesthetic categories. As usual for me such thinking took a playful form, and I started to search for pictures that could be a good starting point.

Black and white body shots of myself in a studio atmosphere, done by semi-professional photographer friends last year didn't seem inappropriate for a Masculine contribution. I started to add rectangular black forms to create an abstract counterbalance to the vitality and mortality expressed by those pictures. As I added and added and took away, the recurring form, which kept popping up in some variations, was a black cross.

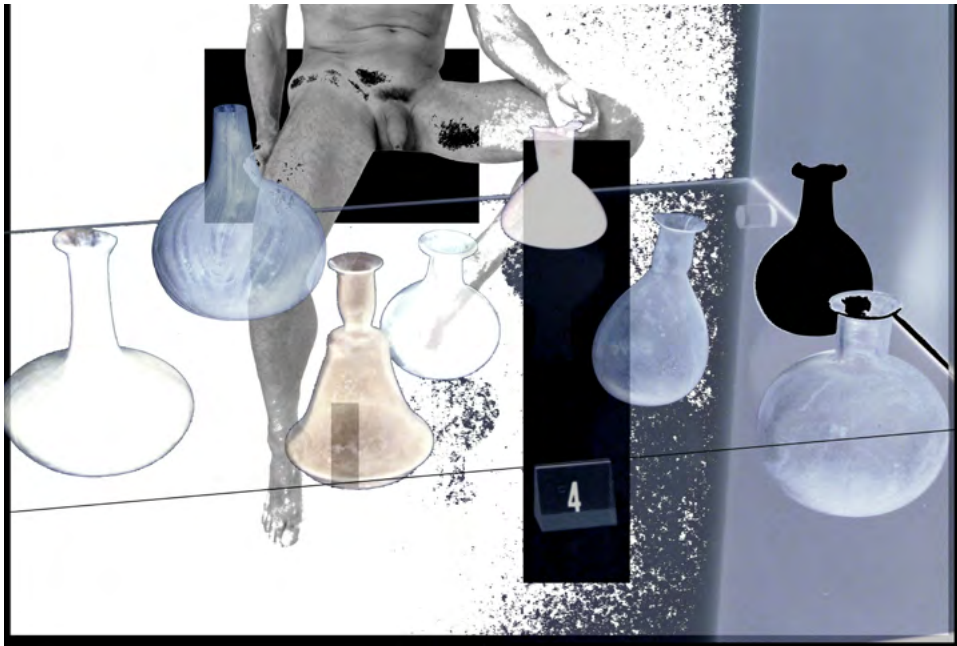
What is black about a cross? Casimir Malevitch, the Russian Constructivist painter, did a famous black cross, which became iconic some 90 years ago, rivaled by a black square and a black circle. Why did it become so successful? Catholic priests normally are clad in black. Black in most cultures is the colour of death and the traditional dress of the mourning and the widows. Indeed, black is not an ordinary colour, it is the absence of colour, the negation of colour, together with white, therefore quite appropriate to represent final and supreme issues.

Light and dark, life and death, colourful and black, ivory and ebony, marble and shadow, white and black - over centuries artists have played with these opposing themes to reflect on supreme issues. And for centuries such art was dominated by Christian subjects.

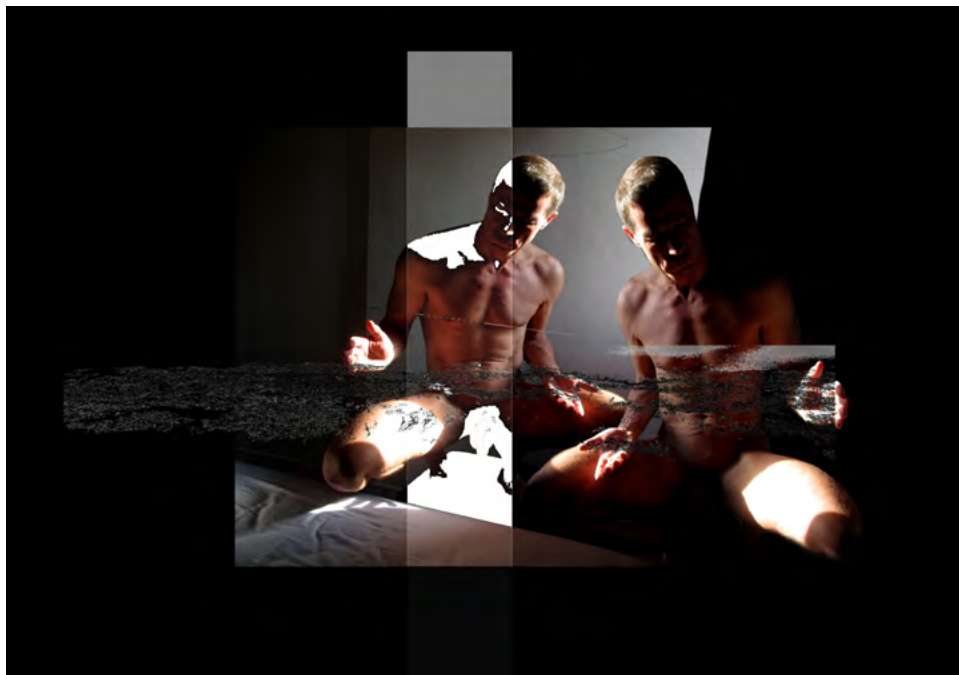
In Christianity you hail the death of a mythological saviour figure as a fate changing event. The cross became the symbol of this death and a complex myth of salvation and transformation connected to it. This myth and its rise to power ended my beloved Greco-Roman civilisation. A new moral rigidity replaced a somewhat playful approach to sexual interaction and eventually led to homophobic attitudes. Dark ages began and ended not so long ago.

But the black symbol is ambiguous, promising hope and salvation, becoming the centre of a wealth of artistic reflection in its own right. As always there is nothing as bad that it would not have some good effects, too. For me any truthful reflection needs to express this complexity. So I needed to add a few layers and the black forms stayed not what they were. Are the resulting pictures worth showing, and Masculine enough? It is up to you to decide now.

You can see more of Stephan's work at www.artphoto-berlin.de and on his [Flickr page](#).









I SUFFERED

JL²

The first thing that came to mind with the Black project in this Masculine issue is the role that conformity plays in society. During their life, since childhood, many people have had no choice but to conform, consciously or not, to the society they live in, in order to avoid troubles, persecution, and ostracism. They are often forced to do so with no other option left. They are tortured physically or psychologically to fit in the system, against their own will.

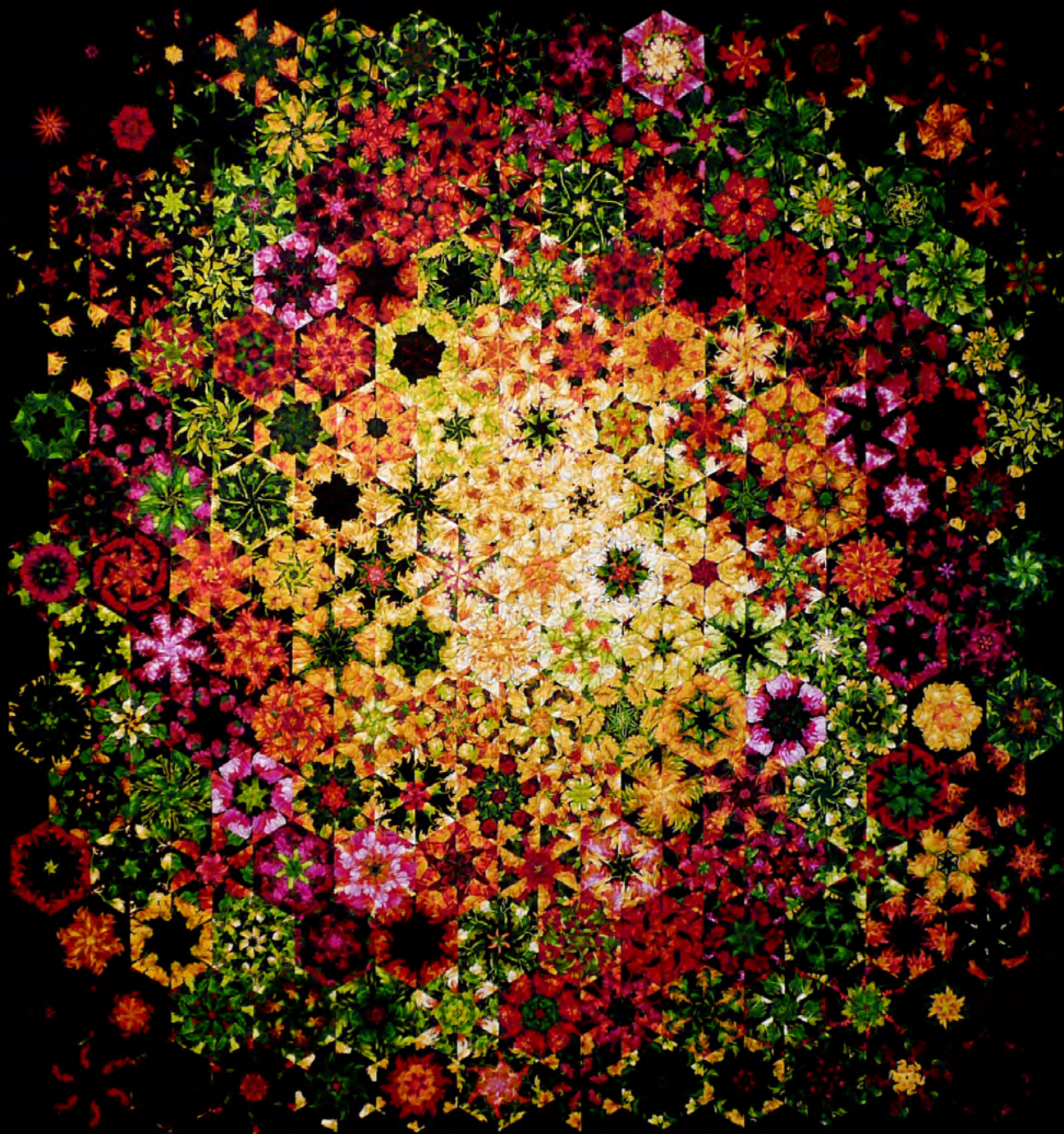
su**B**mission
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Kontrolle

You can see more of JL² work on his [Flickr page](#)









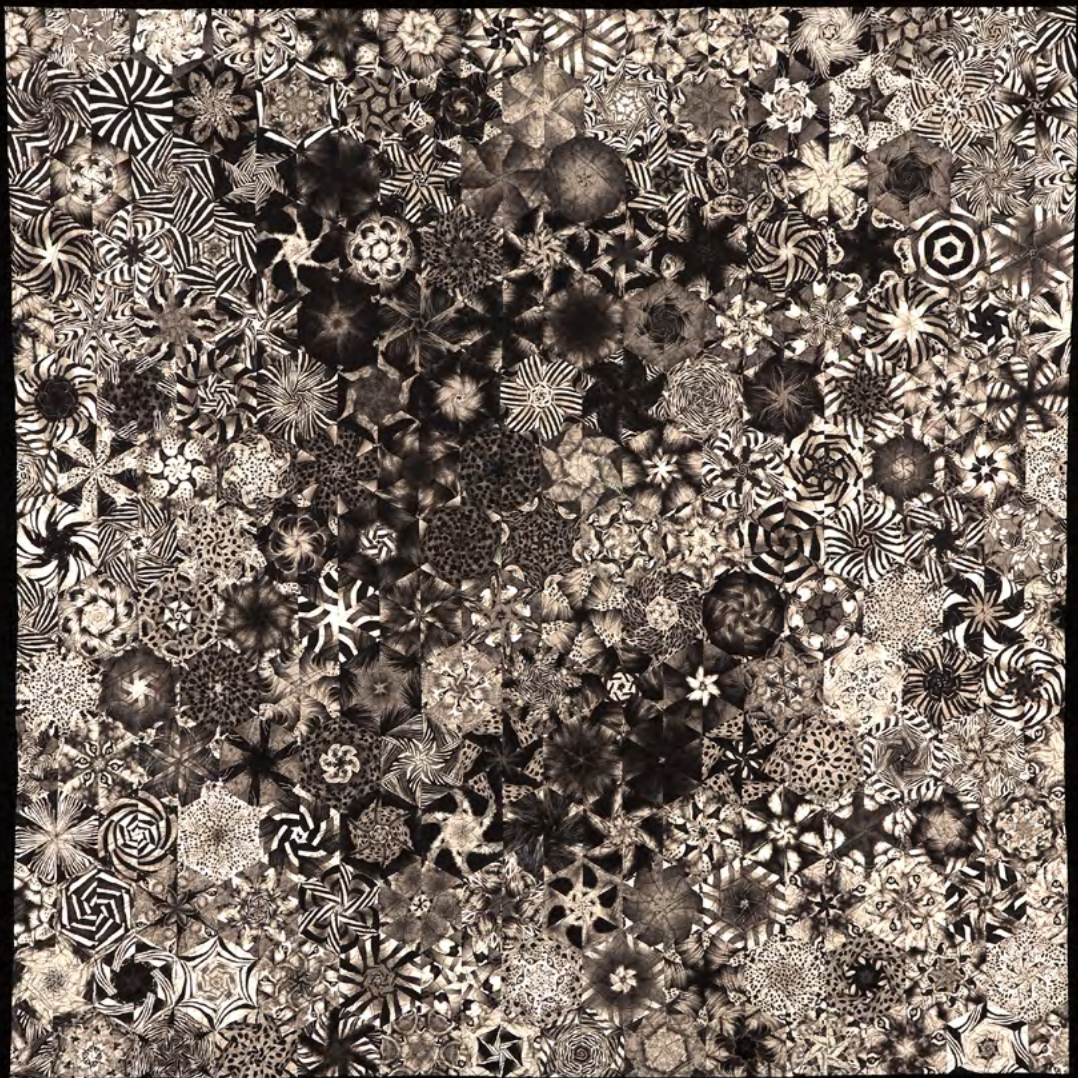
AGAINST BLACK

Bruce Seeds

Black is a limit, a boundary, a full stop. It's a shadow, a line, an edge, an anchor. It's the void of deep space. It's velvet. It's printer's ink. It's the perfect tuxedo. Against black, my colours rise and float and swirl and spark. At times I may wander away, but I always come back. Back to black.

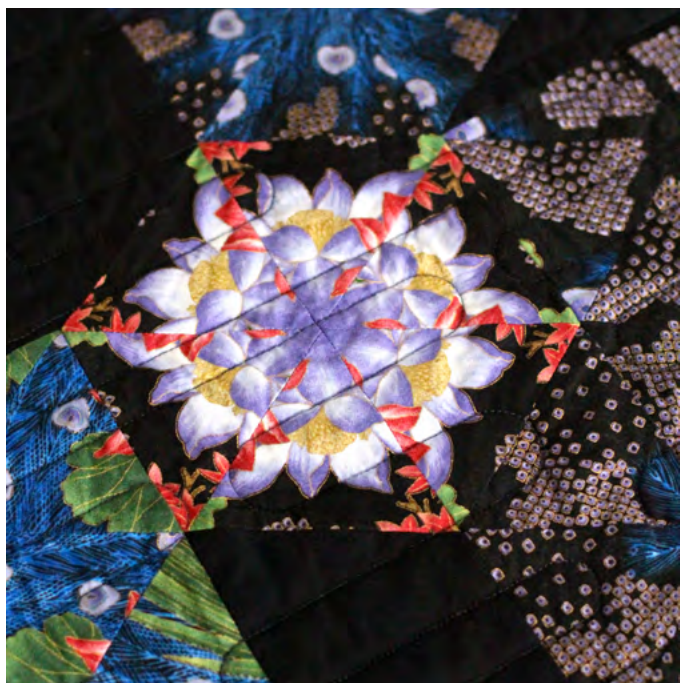
You can see more of Bruce's work at bruceseeds.com.











(T): SKYLIGHT - DETAIL (1)
(B): SKYLIGHT - DETAIL (2)



PLAYING WITH SHADOWS

Emil Tanev

This small series came as a result of my desire to try new and different things. I love experimenting with the camera and there is always something else to learn. As it happens very often, the title came spontaneously and I just accepted my own intuition.

“Playing With Shadows” is a game and a contrast: between black and white, dark and light, real and unreal...

You can see more of Emil's work at streetlounge.blogspot.de.









“ALL MEN ARE ANIMALS, SOME JUST MAKE BETTER PETS.”

PhxJay

I discovered many years ago I have a kinky side, an affinity for bondage and some other darker play. Dominance and submission, Masters and slaves, Handlers and pups all intrigue me. Restraints, rope, chains, gags, duct tape, collars, hoods and that click of a lock; knowing you're holding the keys to someone else's freedom. To me there's something extremely sexy about a handsome, furry man who is willing to trust and submit to the will of another.

Over the years a few of my close friends have let me use them as subjects, and it certainly helps that I have a hot muscle cub of a partner who lets me indulge in these dark fantasies now and then.

I'm not into the leather or bar scene, but I respect those that are. For me it's a personal thing, the connection with the other person.

Photos, especially black and white ones of such play offer only a momentary glimpse of the situation. To me, stripping away the distraction of colour adds to the intrigue. The relationships and the scene are best left to the viewer's mind – and chances are what you can imagine is better than any porn out there.

So here are some snapshots, make up your own stories.

You can see more of PhxJay's work on his [Flickr page](#).













AETERNUM
UNIVERSIS EX HOMO
Aurelio Monge

Lost Among the Stars
Those giant spinning wheels in space,
spinning stars like spider's lace,
will they miss my upturned face,
when my soul has left this place?

You can see more of Ayrelio's work at www.aureliomonge.com.



WHAT IS THE UNIVERSE?

The universe is a solid emptiness, a bizarre event, an issuance of energy witnessed as colossal globes of constellations floating in a sea of swelling space in such numbers and dimensions as to dwarf our modest comprehension.

This peculiar enterprise which defies the logic of our eyes is a Chinese box of concentric worlds each inside of one another that extends in all directions ad infinitum.

This swirling spectacle fills our night skies with stars like strings of pearls and has its center everywhere in this strange conundrum.

This cabinet of curiosities expands in some exotic vacuum void where alchemist's tricks are employed.

How else to explain why all the light of refracted prisms is detained in black hole prisons.

And what of missing matter's weight, and the fate of red giant stars those enormous bloated monstrosities?

UNIVERSUS EX HOMO

"El Universo a través del home"

El animal humano (Homo Sapiens), desde que adquiere pleno uso de razón, es consciente de su existencia, de que existe el ser y de que existe el Universo. Esta deducción le lleva a preguntarse, en algún momento de su vida, quién es, de donde viene y cuál es su lugar en el Universo.

El don de la razón y la abstracción del Homo Sapiens le lleva a imaginar e idear respuestas ante el vacío de conocimiento y siente la necesidad de crear, de dar un propósito a la vida, a su existencia. De la ignorancia más absoluta surge la idea de un dios creador bajo la intuición de que hay algo intangible que une al hombre con el Universo.

Pero sólo el conocimiento hace libre al hombre y desde el momento en que entiende que sus átomos fueron una vez polvo de estrellas, siente ese vínculo entre la energía y la materia de la que está formado el Universo y comprende que el viaje no ha terminado.

-
Mi serie In Aeternum pretende mostrar la relación del hombre con el Universo. Una mirada al infinito bajo el anhelo de alcanzar la eternidad.

"We are only travelers in endless space."

Aurelio Monge

UNIVERSUS EX HOMO

"The Universe through man"

The human animal (Homo sapiens), since it takes full use of reason, is aware of its existence, that there be and there is a universe. This deduction leads you to wonder, at some point in his life, who he is, where he comes from and what is their place in the Universe.

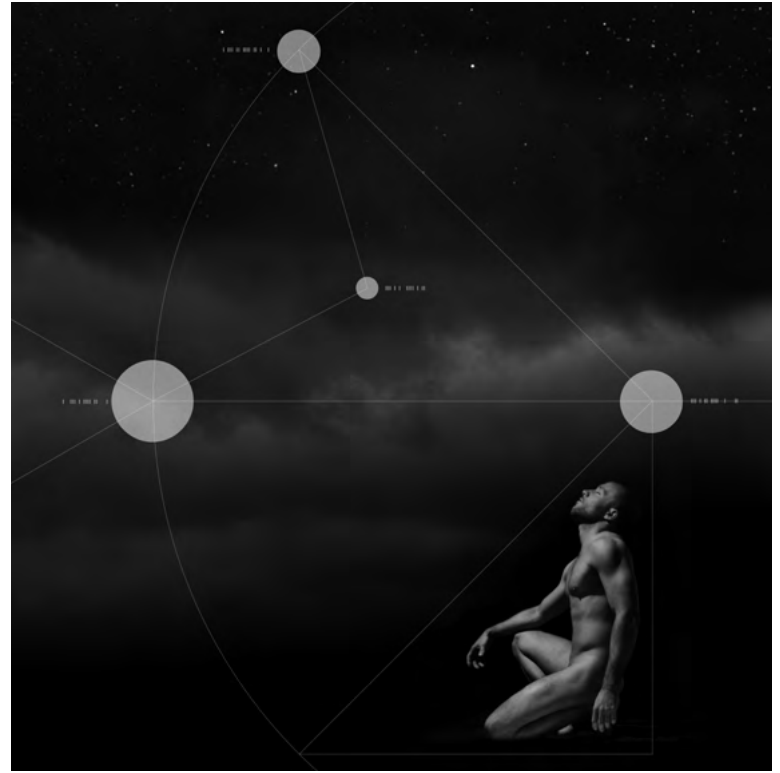
The gift of reason and abstraction of Homo Sapiens takes you to imagine and devise responses to the knowledge gap and feel the need to create, to give a purpose to life, to its existence. Absolute ignorance of the idea of a creator god under the intuition that there is something intangible that unites man with the Universe.

But knowledge alone makes man free, and from the moment you understand that their atoms were once stardust, feels that link between energy and matter from which the universe is formed and understands that the journey is not over.

-
My In Aeternum series aims to show the relationship between man and the universe. A look at the infinite under the longing for eternity.

"We are only travel travelers in endless space."

Aurelio Monge









WHO AM I?

I am what is being experienced, the universe focused in the eye of the beholder.

There is a quality of sensation left as myself, which like the "I" of the hurricane is a calm center of awareness.

The exact point of myself in this calm is held as if it were in a black hole, where my purest reality cannot escape itself.

The Absolute.

I am tethered to the Absolute by the cord of consciousness.

Again and again I gaze hard at my reflection in the looking glass.

Then blink without acknowledgement for my stare reveals no one is there.

All descriptions of me are like barnacles attached to me, for nothing is really mine. My name is a word like any other sound, which when repeated blurs to babble.

My pride enjoys the false luxury of vanity, a cosmetic decoration that casts me into the farthest ring of self-delusion.

I distract myself with novelties. But they are not me.

I identify myself with follies. But they are not me. I am an accomplice to my own ignorance. Under the magnifying glass of attention, my personality has the permanence of fog.

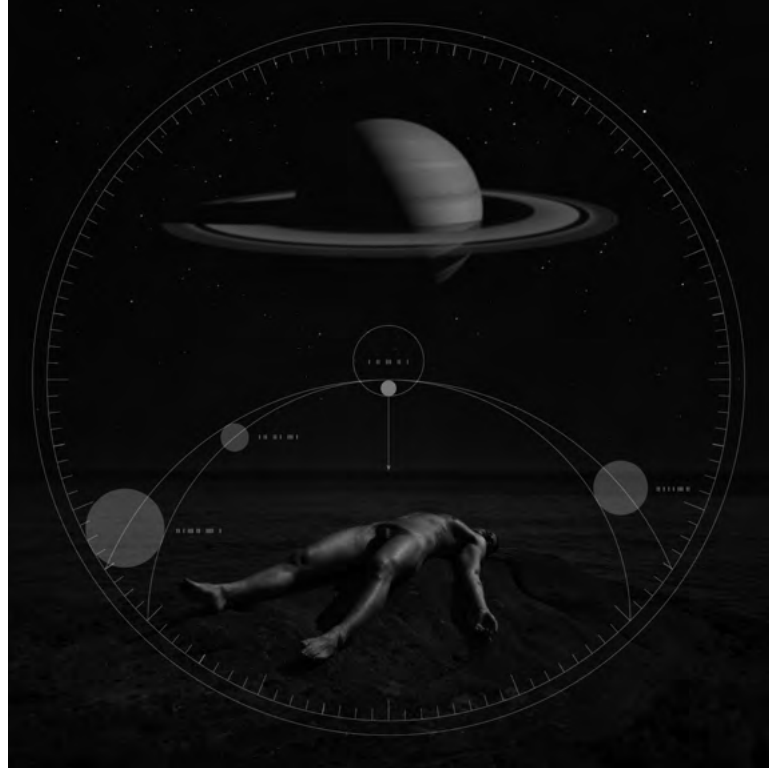
I communicate with myself in monologue.

My questions echo in my mind.

All this thinking exhausts me and I must rest.

But who falls asleep and dreams?

-Duane Michals-
Questions without answers (2001)







BLACK
Anthony Cox

In the shadows of the darkness,
I am enraptured by the shades of the blackest night.
With shame, I hide behind a mask,
Finding myself naked and vulnerable to the blackness within.
Unveiling the sensual, sexual, powerful, mysterious and frightful urge,
Only to allow myself to discover the man within.









- It's hard to remember.

IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER

Tino Garcia

Demasiado tiempo desperdiciado, demasiadas oportunidades ignoradas, toda la vida haciendo lo que me apetecía sin pensar en el futuro, sin pensar en las consecuencias. Llevo años caminando hacia atrás como los cangrejos, llevo demasiado tiempo sin acertar ya estoy acostumbrado a vivir en lo negro.

Too much time wasted too many opportunities ignored, my whole life doing what I wanted without thinking about the future, without thinking of the consequences. I've spent years walking backwards like a crab; I took too long without hitting, I'm used to living in the black.

You can see more of Tino's work at ochoarrobas.wix.com/fotografia.













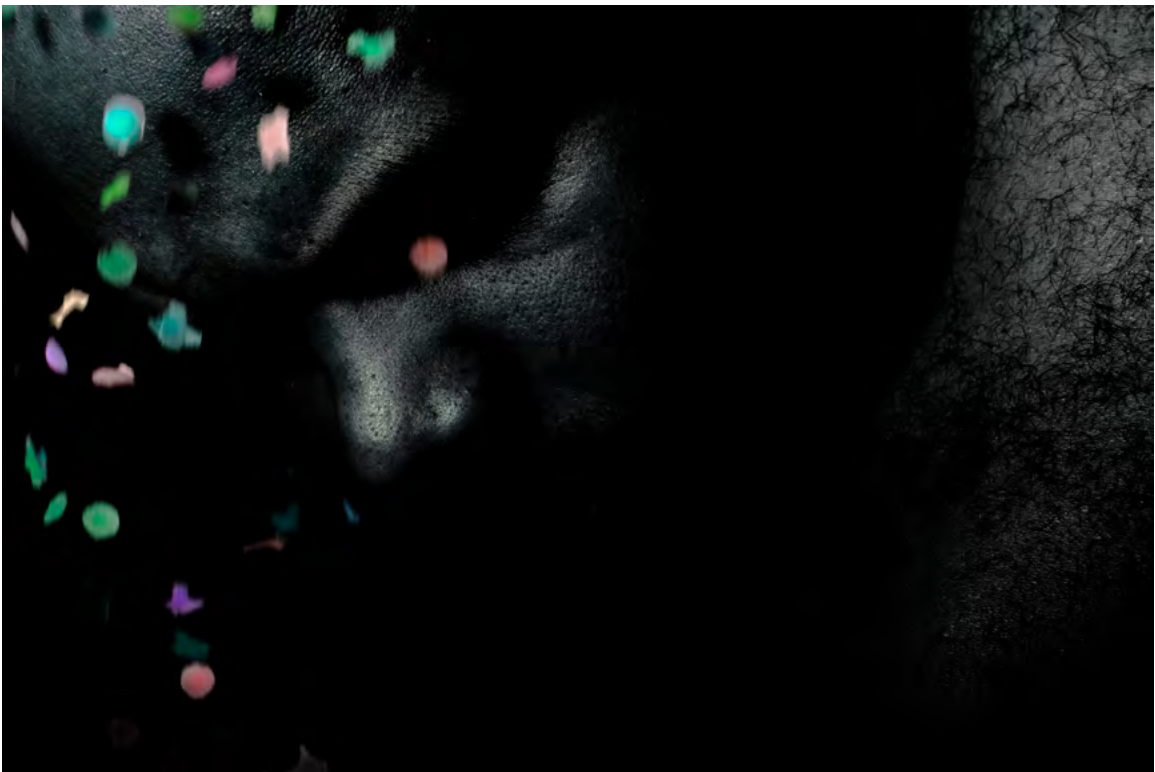
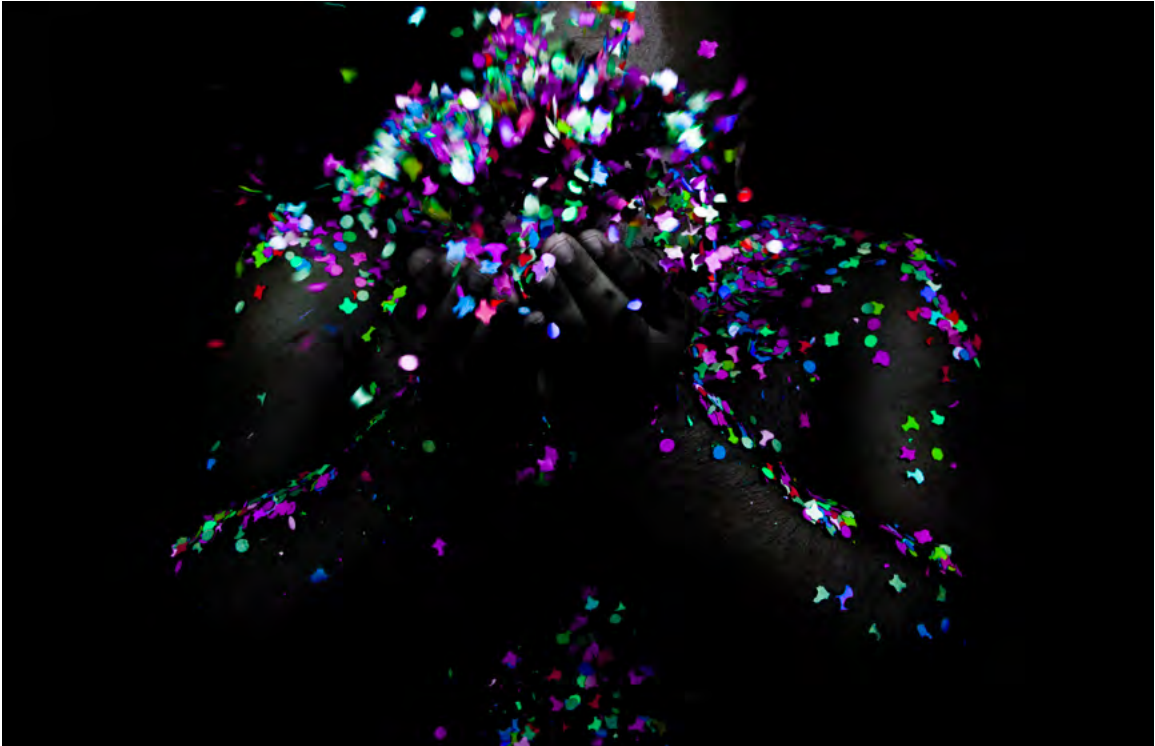
OPTIMIST

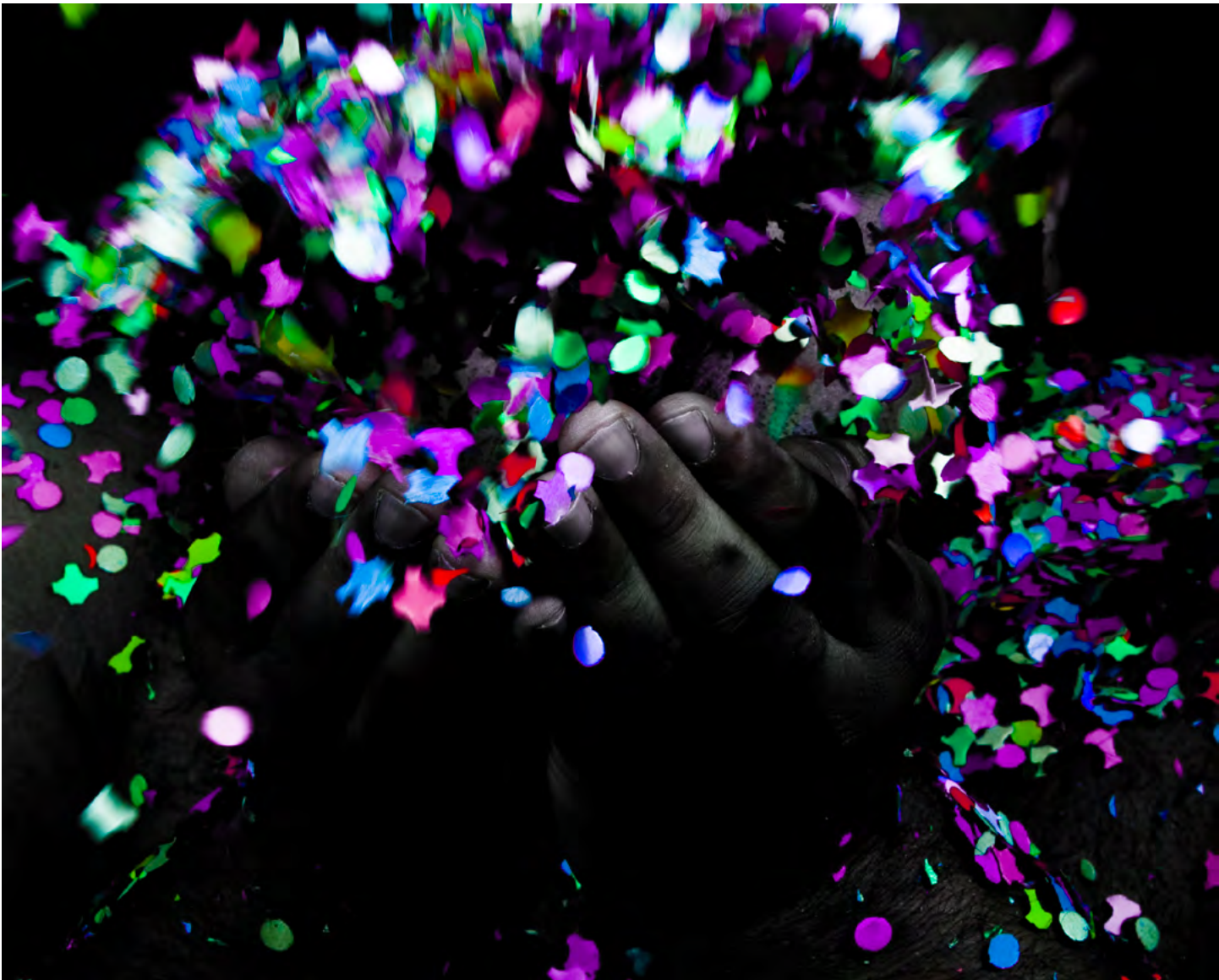
Bearfighter - Photographer of Brute Souls

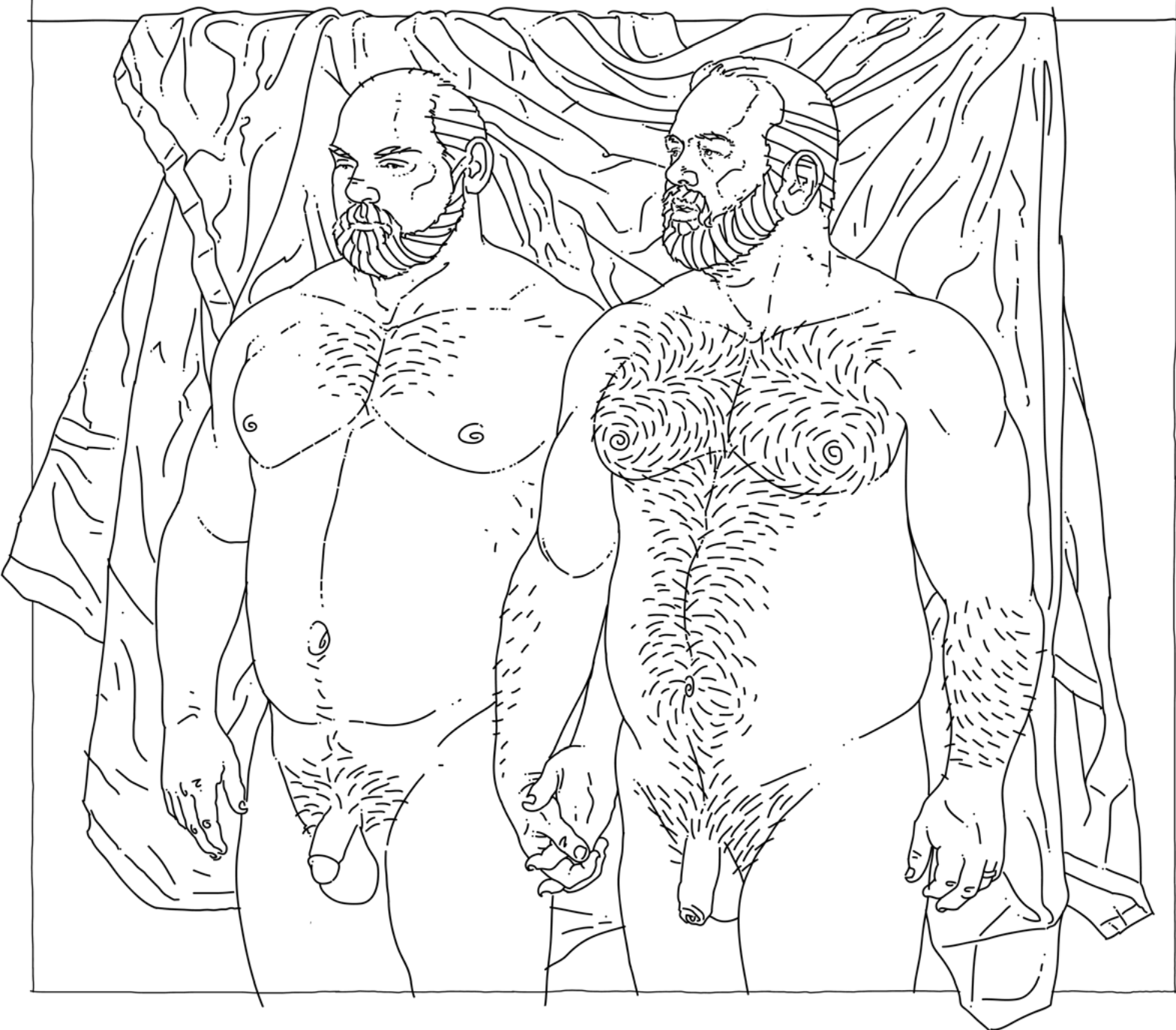
Schwarz!
Macht manchen Leuten Angst.
Beruhigt den Geist.
Isolation....
Ist es wirklich Trauer, oder nur das Neue?
Erst Schwarz lässt uns Licht erkennen.
Am Morgen, beim Sterben, bei unserer Geburt.

*Black is the absence of any colour.
It has swallowed all possible light.
Scientist say, that a black hole in our galaxy can swallow material
and even existing light.
But our endless evolution shows us, that light is even stronger than
any black colour wants to be.
Light gets born to light up all the dark places around us, in us.
Light is life! Light let us grow. Colour is our daily nutrition.
Let's eat from this buffet....*









CLEAR BLACK LINES

Charlie Hunter

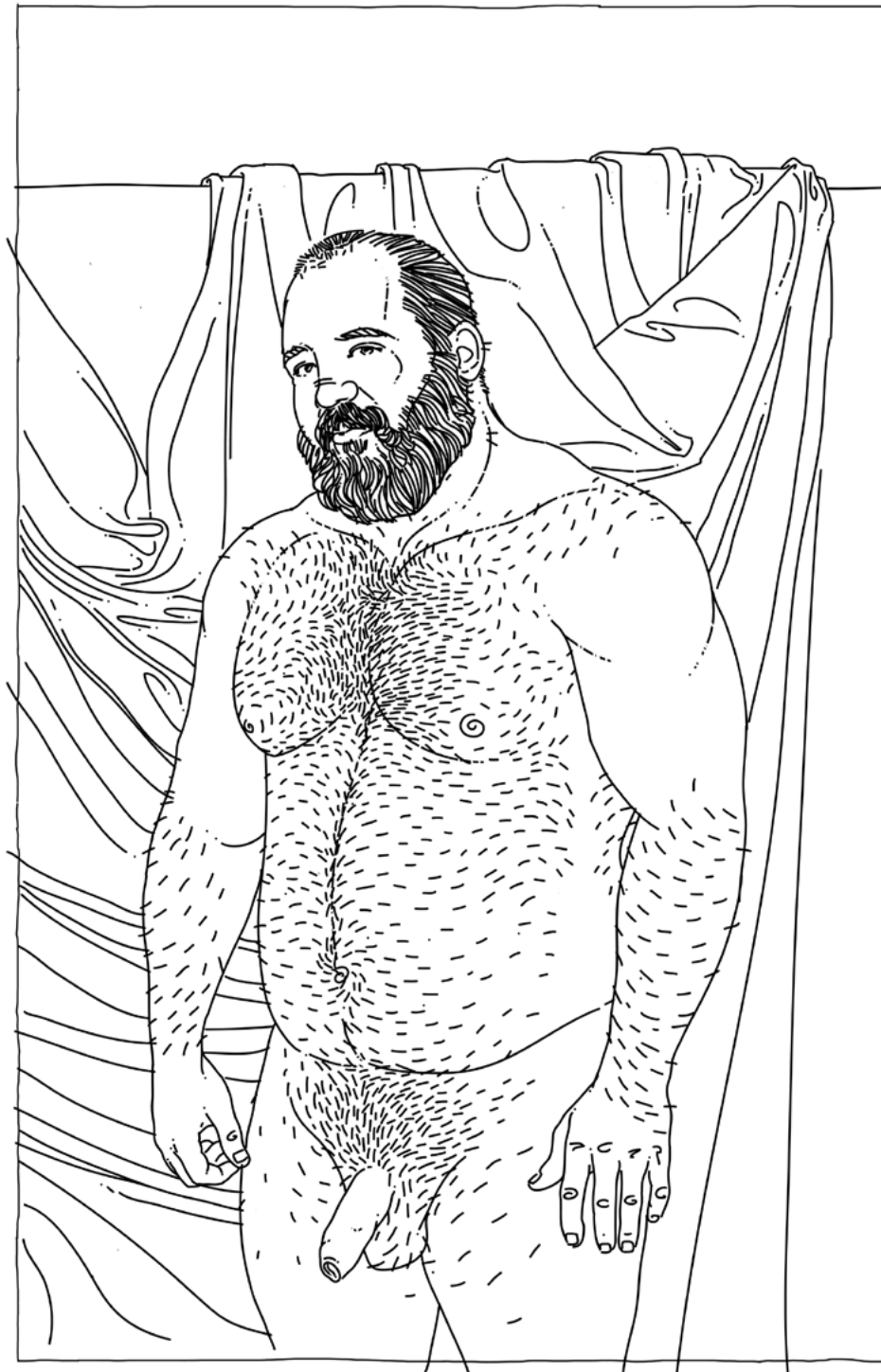
My introduction to art started as a child with European comic artists such as Hergé and Moebius

I've always admired the Ligne Claire comic style of drawing with its use of clear black lines of uniform importance. I think that fondness is reflected in my sketchbook drawings to this day.

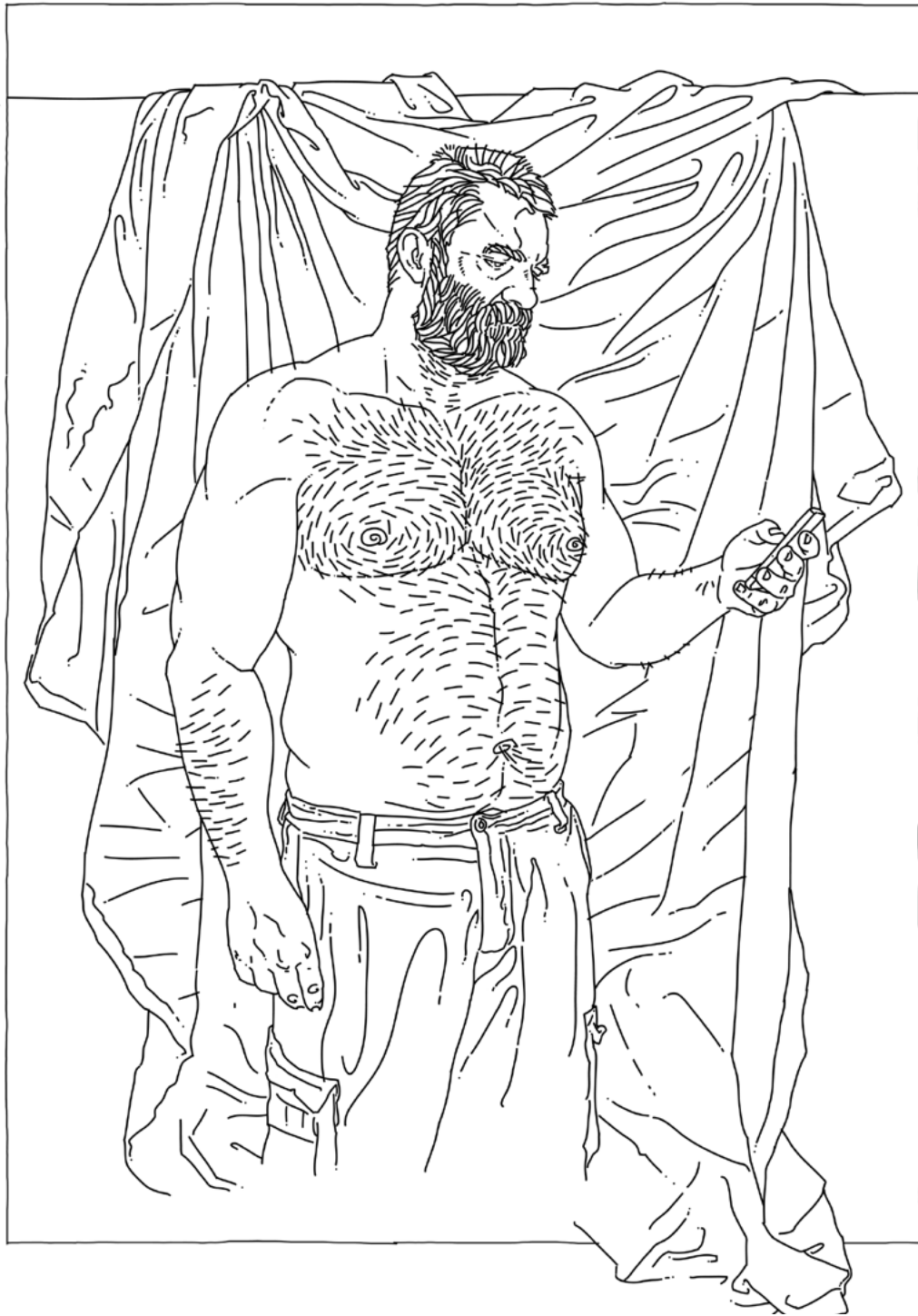
I started my first sketchbook over 30 years ago, and I still keep one to this day. It's a place for me to annotate and aid, to record what I see and think, and ultimately it's where I prepare for my final art pieces.

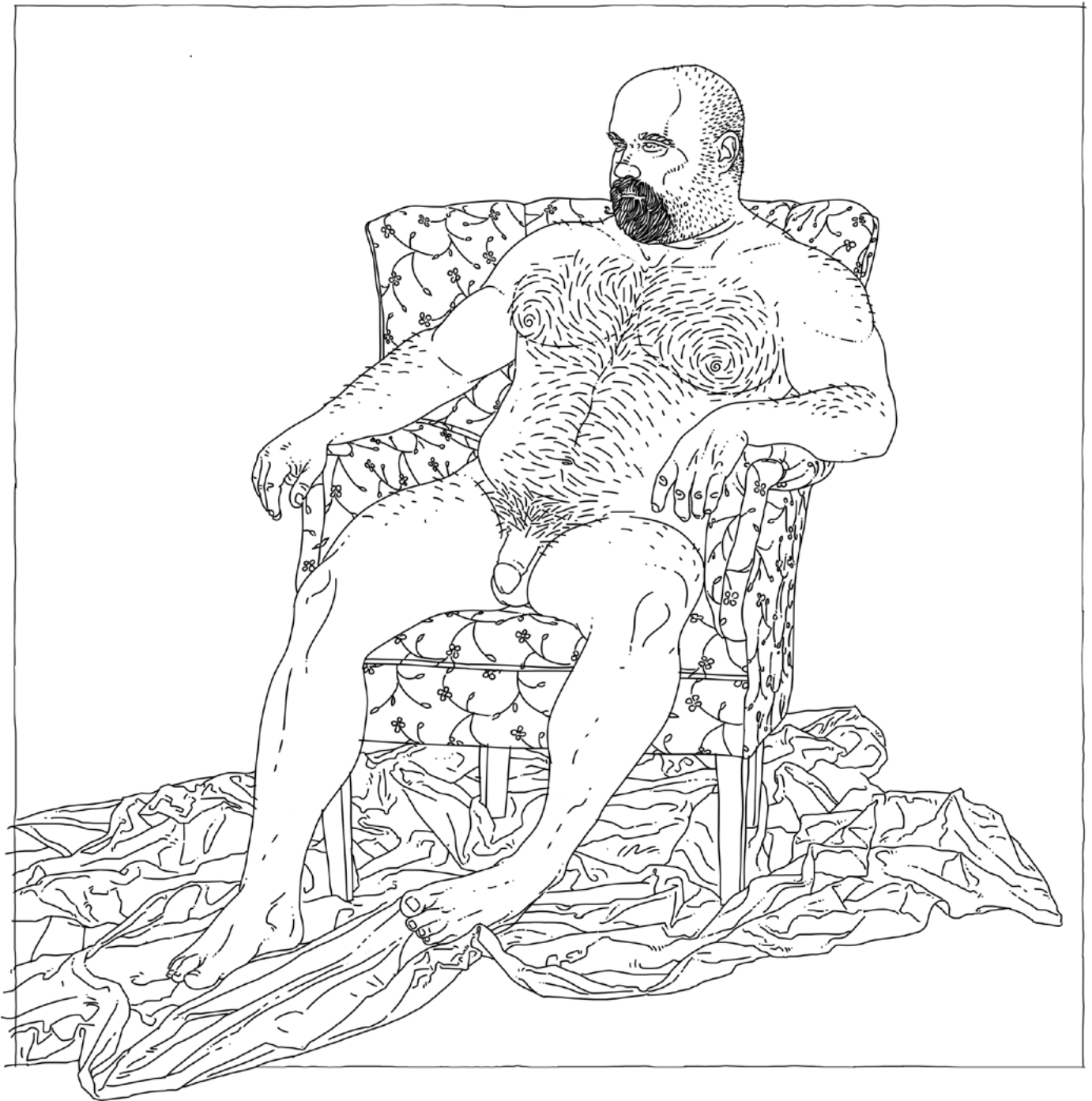
The drawings that follow are from my sketchbook."

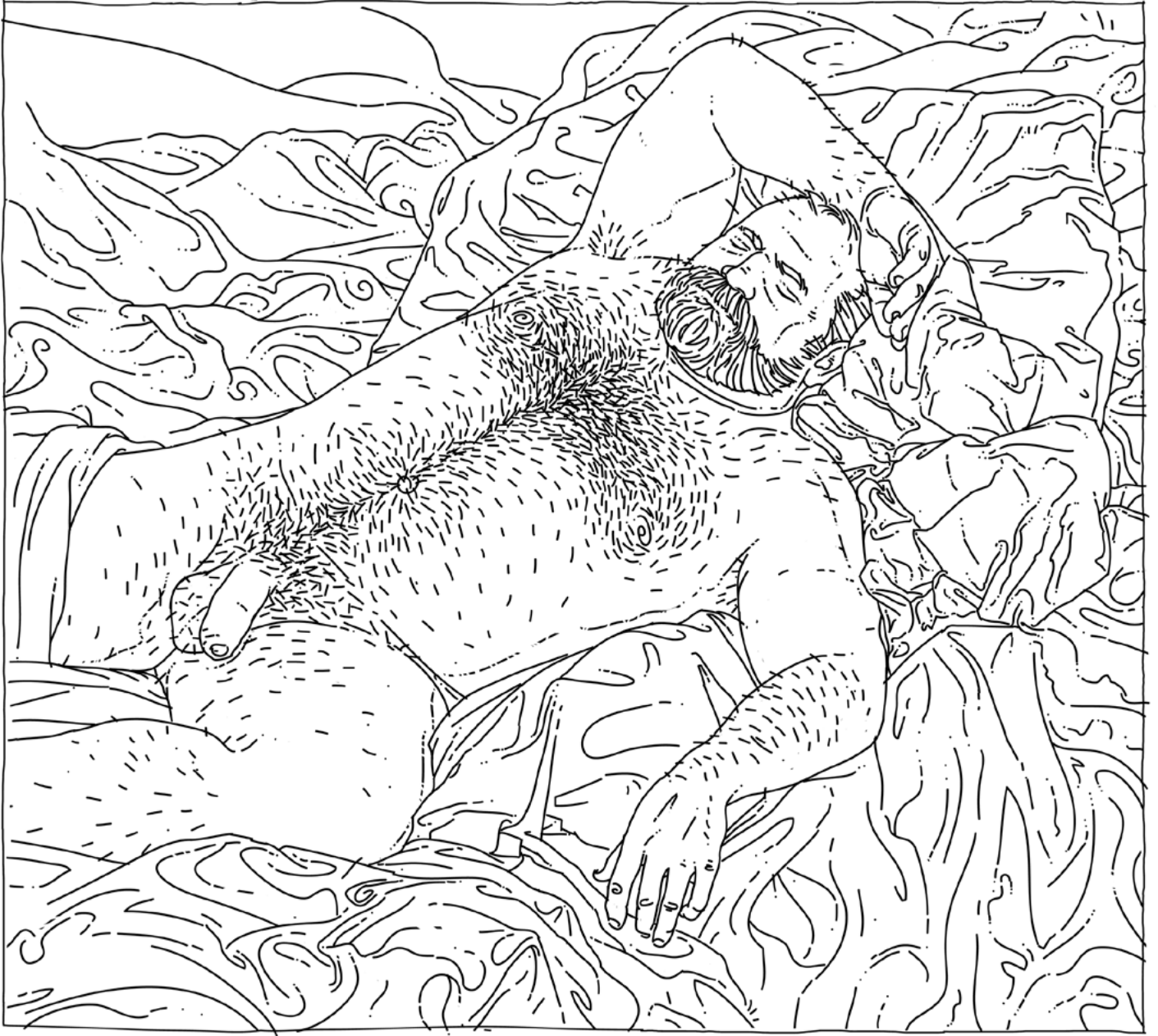
















EVANESCENCE

Ludovic Seth

Sur les rails, lancés à grande vitesse, le regard tourné vers l'horizon...

Seule s'offre à nous une succession de longues séquences où le paysage rongé par la noirceur de la nuit est parfois pris dans la brume, toujours dilué par la vitesse.

Au cœur de ces grands tableaux noirs, émergent de temps à autres des scènes presque irréelles, fugitivement captées par la rétine.

Impressions graphiques et sensations colorées forment ainsi les rares traces d'une vie, d'une présence, qui reste le plus souvent énigmatique pour le voyageur, confinant parfois à l'abstraction.

Le photographe livre à travers cette série de photographies sa propre expérience au cœur de la nuit, au cœur du noir support de son imaginaire.

Il invite également le spectateur-voyageur à construire sa propre histoire, à se projeter dans le temps et l'espace, en constituant sa propre séquence à partir de ces longues fenêtres noires. Ouvertes sur un paysage bien réel, elles peuvent alors être le support d'un véritable voyage imaginaire...

On track, launched at high speed, looking towards the horizon...

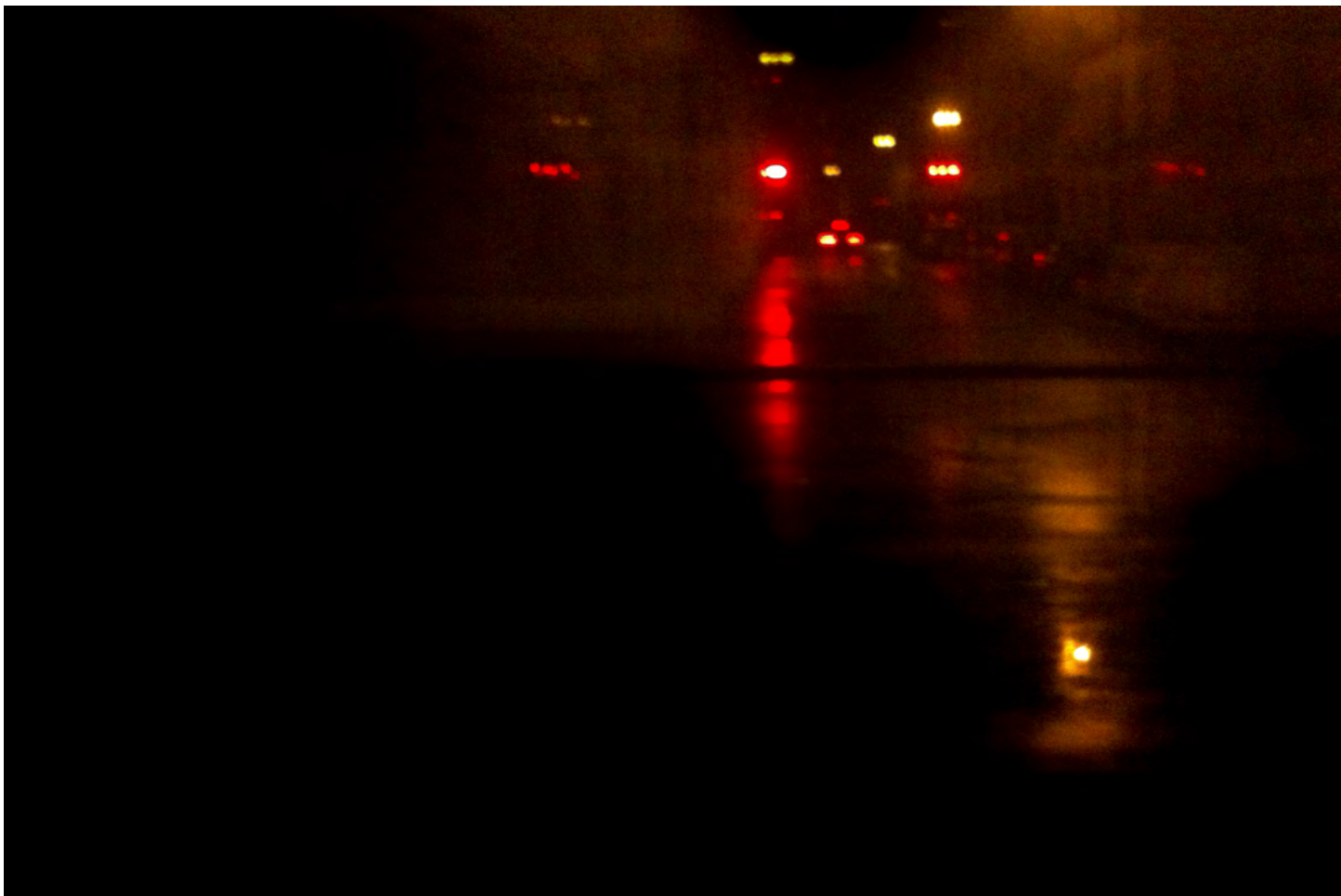
Only available to us a succession of long sequences where the landscape consumed by the darkness of the night is sometimes taken in the mist, always diluted by speed.

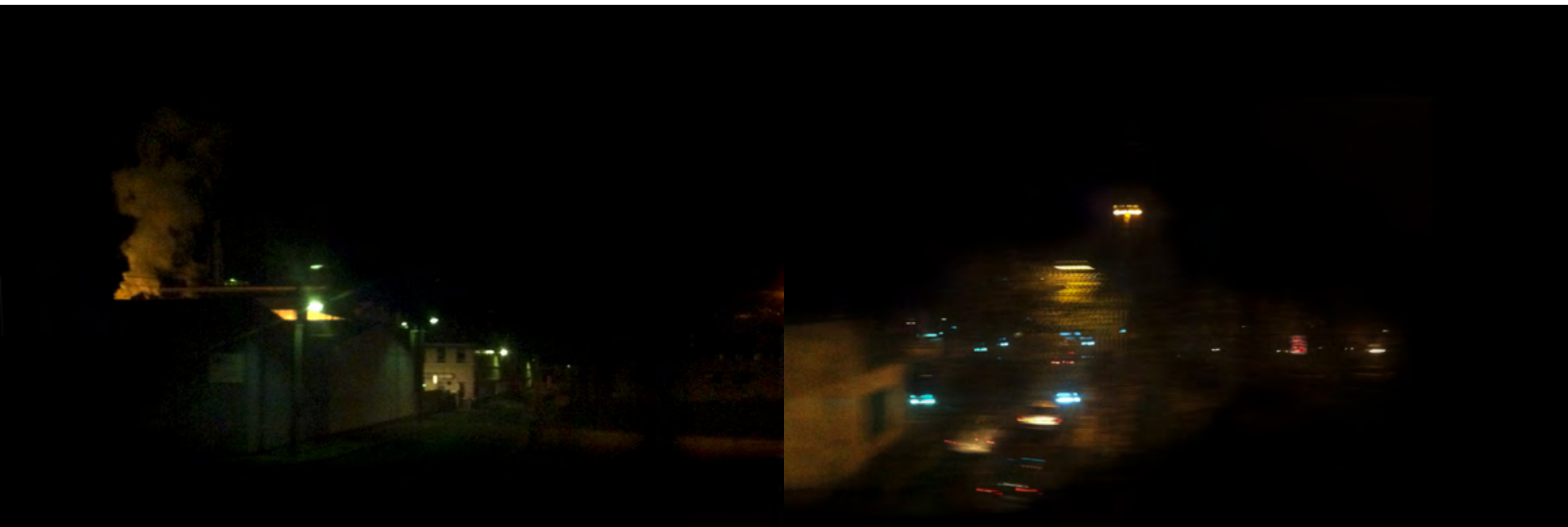
At the heart of these large blackboards, emerging from time to time almost unreal scenes, momentarily captured by the retina.

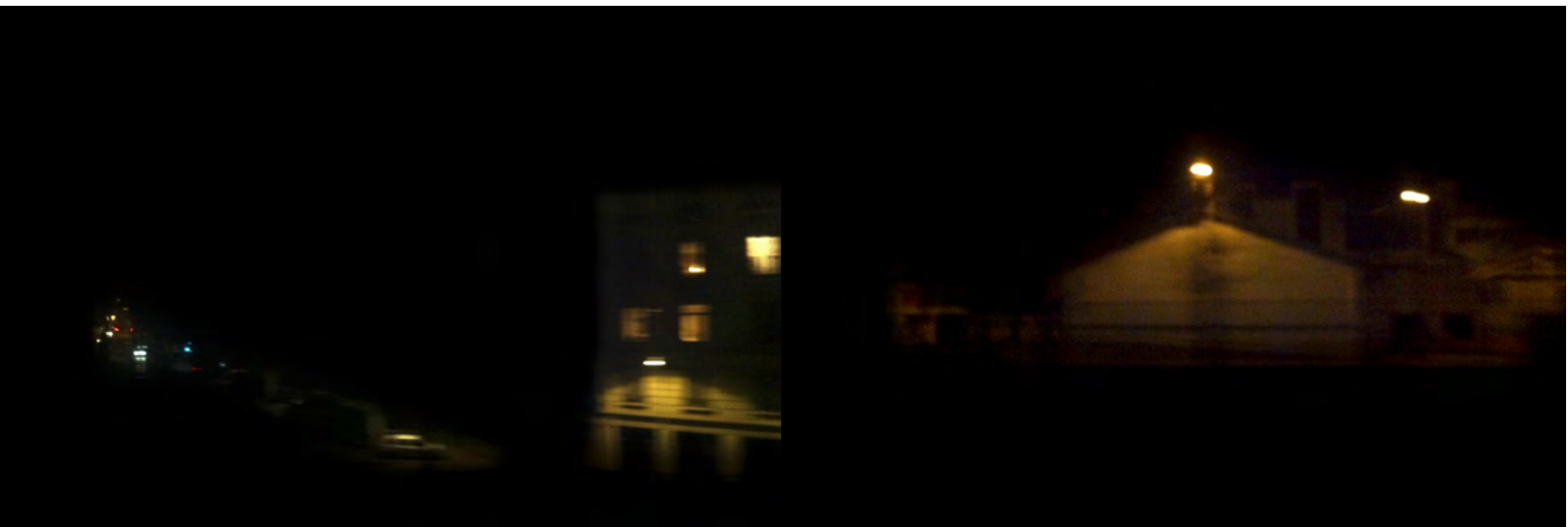
Graphic prints and colourful feel and form the rare traces of a life, a presence, which usually remains enigmatic for the traveler, sometimes verging on abstraction.

Photographers look through this series of photographs his own experience in the heart of the night, in the heart of black support his imagination.

It also invites the spectator-traveller to build their own history, to project in time and space, forming its own sequence from these long black windows. Open a real landscape, then they may be supporting a real imaginary journey...







FREELY ASSOCIATING, BLACK

by Bill McKinley

-My best friend in first grade, Jimmy Anderson, the only black boy in our Catholic school in Muncie, IN; I wouldn't have thought our friendship remarkable, were it not for all the remarks it generated from the adults around us. Numerous times in the last century, Muncie was recognized as the most average town in America, which I always believed were one to be above- or below- was the best reason to leave.

-My fascination, in high school, in learning the difference between the additive and subtractive properties of color between light and pigment (i.e., in lighting, adding all colors creates white light, whereas with pigment, it creates black)

-Leather, and all the hot, wonderful, shadow sex I've had with men wearing it;

-One particularly intense, wet, nasty time I had with a hardcore rubber man in a hotel room in Allentown, Pennsylvania, the first time I ever tried rubber;

-And speaking of rubber, the pair of black rubber hip-high boots I used to have (and still mourn the loss of), the kink equivalent of "The Red Shoes": I swear they brought out the inner porn star of every man that tried them on;

However, one memory/association rises above all the others when I think about the word "black": the first black man I ever kissed, Tony Williamson.

Anthony and I were in the same class in Acting School at Wright State University, in Fairborn, Ohio (or, as we more commonly referred to it, Wright State Penitentiary, in Stillborn, Ohio). We spent four years together in an extremely rigorous program--out of 108 freshmen in our class, only 6 of us graduated four years later. It was the kind of trial-by-fire, paying your dues, closest-thing-to-hazing-outside-of-boot-camp experience that bonds you for life: early-morning classes, late-night rehearsals, caffeine-fueled all-night sessions cramming for exams, tons of drama both on stage and off--...it was heaven.

Tony was...special. Singular. He was beefy and handsome, built like a cross between a farm boy and a football player. Tall and muscular, with big thick thighs, a big solid ass and a sturdy build, he was good-looking in a comfortable and unthreatening way. Unassuming about his attractiveness, both women and men found him appealing.

We were both openly and unapologetically gay, in 1980, in the middle of nowhere, outside of Dayton, Ohio (I know--those last two are redundant), Tony was casual about both his sexuality and his masculinity, which only made him more attractive and less threatening.

His voice was deep and sonorous, smooth and seductive... he had a perfectly flat, no-affect Midwestern accent. I don't

know if others thought he was trying to sound "white" or not, but his entire package--looks, voice, demeanor--was just so damned accessible and...likeable, way before anyone ever heard of Denzel. He was frequently cast in roles that were usually played by white actors, and it all seemed perfectly normal at the time.

Honestly, and I'm not particularly proud of this, I sometimes resented the ways in which Anthony seemed to achieve everything so easily. He frequently blew off assignments or presented work that was unfinished or unpolished, and it often seemed that our instructors were loath to criticize him, challenge him, or set boundaries for him. I recall wondering if there was some kind of reverse-racism going on, a fear of being hard on him lest they appear bigoted, and I often thought that he was allowed to skate by on work that was far beneath his ability.

As frustrating as that was sometimes, it was still impossible not to like him.


An aspiring composer and pianist, it wasn't unusual to hear Tony in the Music Department practice rooms late at night, working out the melody and lyrics of some theatre/jazz/fusion song.

Have you ever had one of those times where you start laughing and you can't stop, and then you start laughing at your laughing and then you're laughing at your laughing and it only gets worse and worse and you can't breathe and the next day your stomach muscles ache? It's only happened to me a handful of times, and the time I remember most clearly was one night during our freshman year when I missed the bus back to downtown Dayton and ended up crashing on the floor of Anthony's dorm room. I've long since forgotten what got us started, but I recall tears streaming down my face as we laughed long and hard, trying to stop but failing, joyfully and repeatedly. It was something we each referred often to over the next four years. "Remember that night when we--," one of us would start, the other interrupting, not needing to have the question completed, "--Yeah, God, that was so funny."

And then one night, during some show we were both in (I forget which one), just as I finished taking a drink of water from the water fountain outside our dressing room, Tony leaned over and kissed me. Me, who talked a good talk about sex but was largely terrified of it. Me, who hadn't consciously thought of Tony in a sexual way. Me, who hadn't really been seriously kissed by anyone before. Me, who had long fantasized about being kissed like that.

I take that back. I had never fantasized about a kiss like that.

Even as I type this, over 30 years later (can that really be-- 30 years? Jesus.), my heart rate quickens and my breath becomes shallow, the memory of it is so potent. It felt like not just a kiss, but like an entirely new/different World of kissing, as though I'd discovered a lost continent full of nothing but sensuous, engorged mouth, inviting me to explore, to climb over it's hills and plumb its valleys, to get lost in, to lose myself in, to luxuriate in...



Those lips. I forgot to tell you about his Lips.

They were full. And thick. Luscious and sensual and totally foreign to my white-boy-rural-Indiana upbringing. Forbidden and exotic and unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Totally, completely the lips of A.Black.Man. Everything you'd want the lips of a black man to be, that is if you'd ever fantasized about kissing a black man, which I guess now that I'm being completely honest about it, I guess I had.

I know I swooned. I was so shocked, so taken aback. I recall Anthony afterward as looking bemused at how completely stunned I was, how naked I'd suddenly become. I don't even remember what I said as I tried to collect myself. Still terrified of sex, I muttered something to deflect the power and intimacy of the situation, to dampen the heat between us, to avoid the invitation that was implicit in that kiss. "So stupid!" the adult me thinks now, "You should've have enjoyed and savored that complete loss of equilibrium!". What an idiot I was. I mean, I can understand and accept now that I did the best that I could and all that, but still...Total Fucking Idiot.

I think it was the film "Drums Along the Mohawk" in which one of the characters says, "When he kissed you, you stayed kissed."

I definitely stayed kissed.

In fact, I think it was then that I began to learn that great kissing was an art form, one of the highest forms of communication.

However, it was the first and last time Tony and I kissed. Evidently my hesitation and fear successfully communicated my unavailability to Anthony, and he never tried again.

I don't know when exactly Tony began to seriously lose direction. By the beginning of our senior year, he had left his boyfriend and hooked up with a girl he'd met in summer stock whom he eventually married, and with whom he had a child. At times, he seemed to be acting out more and more, hoping for someone to reign him in and set some boundaries and expect more out of him, but no one did, at least not successfully.

After Tony left school (I don't think he graduated, but I may be wrong), he ended up in Chicago, where he was warmly welcomed by the theatre community. He got his SAG card and did some commercials, for McDonald's and Lay's Potato Chips. He was on Oprah once with his wife, poorly disguised and talking about being gay and married. He even did at least one show with the renown Steppenwolf theatre company, and the musical he was writing was given a slot at the Bailiwick, another top-notch Chicago theater. According to cast members, Tony held one rehearsal and never called anyone involved again about a second rehearsal.

According to numerous sources, Tony developed a significant drug problem, was in and out of rehab, turned at least occasionally to prostitution, did porn, and bottomed out a number of times before succumbing to AIDS, in the mid-90's.

One of the most powerful movie scenes ever is at the end of "Longtime Companion," at the party on the beach, when Fuzzy gets to see and hug all the friends and lovers he's lost to AIDS. I have often thought and fantasized what that would be like; who I would see, the smiles and tears we'd share, the over-long hugs I'd claim...

I think about seeing Anthony. How I'd see him across that beach and how I'd walk up to him, happy and relieved and grateful to see those smiling eyes again, safely on the far side of pain and regret once again.

I would kiss him. I would kiss him again like it's the first time all over again. I would kiss him again and again and welcome him and let him know how much I've held him and that first kiss in my heart, all these years.

I'd kiss him so he would stay kissed.



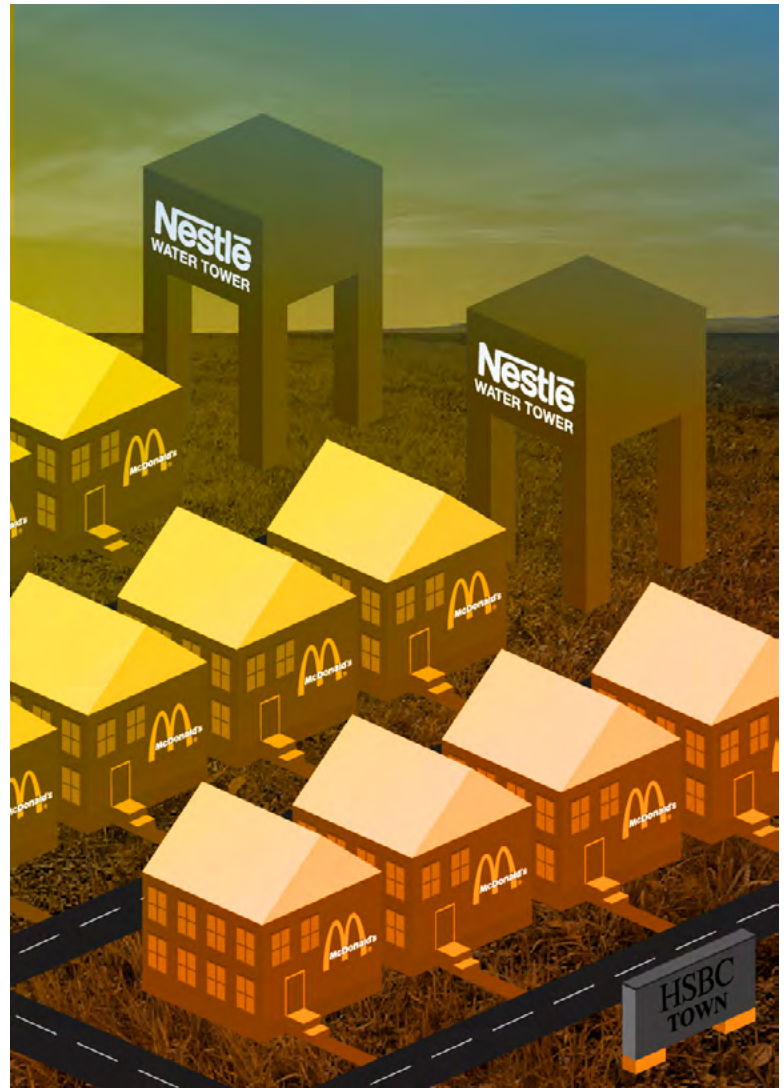
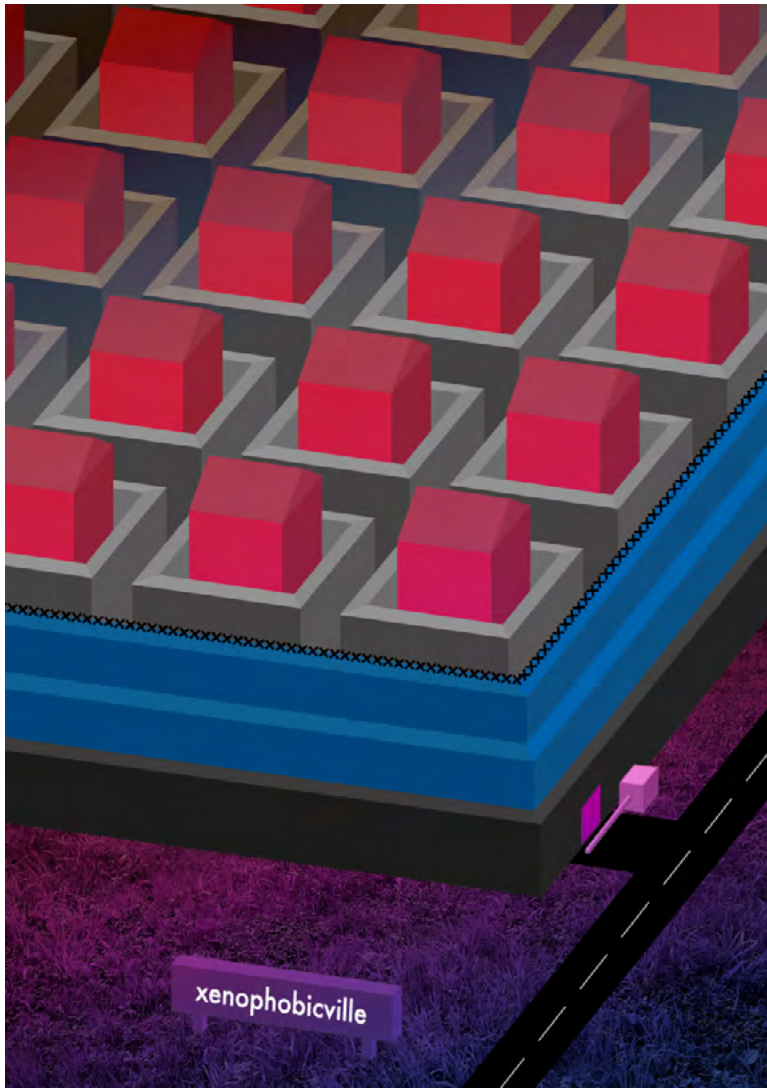
BLACKBURG

Björn Stensson

Ända sedan jag tog examen inom grafisk design och art direction har jag alltid velat använda form som ett medel för att engagera och upplysa människor om situationer där mänskliga rättigheter kränks. När jag först läste om temat "Black" tänkte jag direkt på att skapa något mörkt som belyser aktuella frågor som förgiftar vår värld just nu.

Blackburg är en påhittad dystopisk förort till framtida London. De olika områdena i förorten representerar olika vad-som-skall-komma scenarion men överdrivet till det absurda. Det första området, kallat Xenophobicville, visar hur länders anti-terrorism propaganda har skapat en fobi för det annorlunda och fått människor att omge sig själva med väggar och ännu fler väggar av okunskap och rädsla för det okända. Medan HSBC Town visar hur de stora företagen kan ta över vår våra samhällen helt och till och med äga rättigheterna till vanligt kranvatten, som faktiskt är ett förslag från nuvarande ordförande för Nestlé.

You can see more of Björn's work at www.bjornstensson.se.



Ever since I got my exam in graphic design and art direction I always wanted to use design as a medium to engage and enlighten people about situations where human rights are being violated. When I first read about the theme “Black” I instantly thought of creating something with a dark twist that highlights current issues that poisons our world at the moment.

Blackburg is a made-up dystopian suburb of a future London. The different areas of the suburb represent what’s-to-come scenarios but exaggerated to absurdity. The first area, called Xenophobicville, show how countries anti-terrorism propaganda have turned people in to having a phobia of everything different and surround themselves with walls and even more walls of ignorance and fear of the unknown. While the HSBC Town show how the big corporate businesses have taken over our society and even own the rights to regular tap water, which actually is a suggestion from the current chairman of Nestlé.



SENSUALITÉ DES OMBRES / SHADOWS OF SENSUALITY

TOUMW@

A la lecture de l'appel à contribution « BLACK » j'ai immédiatement pensé à une série photos réalisée quelques temps auparavant. J'ai ensuite revisité les 12 derniers mois de ma production. Avec le thème « BLACK » en tête, cette balade rétrospective m'a permis de réaliser que mon travail présentait certaines similitudes avec une série de portraits intimes de ma mère, réalisée par mon père alors que j'étais enfant. L'émotion passée je compris que tous les ingrédients du thème étaient là sous mes yeux. J'ai alors décidé de pousser mon travail dans la direction proposée.

In reading the call for contributions to "BLACK" I immediately thought of a photo series taken some time ago. Then I revisited the last 12 months of my work. With the theme "BLACK" in mind, this retrospective trip allowed me to realize that my work had certain similarities with a series of intimate portraits of my mother, made by my father when I was a child. The last emotion I realized that all the ingredients were their theme in my eyes. I then decided to take my work in the proposed direction.

You can see more of TOUMW@'s work on his [Flickr page](#).



Le travail de TOUMW@ vu par Sylvain Le Stum

Lorsque j'ai découvert le travail de Bruno, j'ai immédiatement été frappé parce que je voyais. Sans savoir dire pourquoi, j'étais attiré par cette approche du corps masculin. Mais, lorsqu'il m'a fallu exprimer avec des mots ce que je ressentais, j'ai vite compris ce qui me captivait autant. Bien évidemment, le choix de ses modèles participe à cet intérêt, mais c'est bien sûr et surtout sa manière de nous les présenter qui les rend si fascinants.

Loin de nous proposer une vision glacée de corps masculins trop parfaits ou des portraits trop distants, ou trop admiratifs, Bruno nous invite à un voyage. Un voyage dans l'intimité de ces hommes qu'il photographie bien sûr, mais aussi, par-delà, à un voyage exploratoire du corps de l'homme, révélé, magnifié par son travail de la lumière, de la composition et du cadrage.

Sous son regard, le corps de l'homme nous offre une multitude de paysages aux doux modelés ou aux reliefs rugueux et com-

plexes, soulignés par une lumière qui les caresse plus qu'elle ne les expose. Souvent, un cadrage, une profondeur de champ, ou un jeu d'ombres ou de contrastes concentrent notre attention sur un membre, un détail, une texture, vues partielles mais ô combien suggestives. Toujours, ce qui nous est montré nous laisse deviner, fantasmer, ces hommes dont nous n'apercevons parfois que des fragments, des parties.



Car c'est aussi là ce qui caractérise le travail de Bruno. Loin de la froideur d'une approche classique, son travail, tout en restant respectueux de ces hommes qu'il photographie, nous fait ressentir l'essence même de leurs corps, et, par delà, en ouvrant la porte de leur intimité, nous révèle leur sensualité. Dans ces détails, ces cadrages serrés, le relief de leur corps, on ressent leur force, leur puissance, mais aussi leur douceur, leur chaleur, comme on peut ressentir celles de la Nature devant certains paysages ou formations rocheuses. C'est cette présence, physique et sensible, qui rejaillit des photos de Bruno et nous donne envie de toucher, de caresser, de plonger et nous perdre dans ces corps qu'il nous offre.

Sylvain Le Stum, Architecte

Sylvain.Le-Stum@noos.fr
sylvainlestumarchitecte.blogspot.com



Work TOUMW not seen @ Sylvain Le Stum

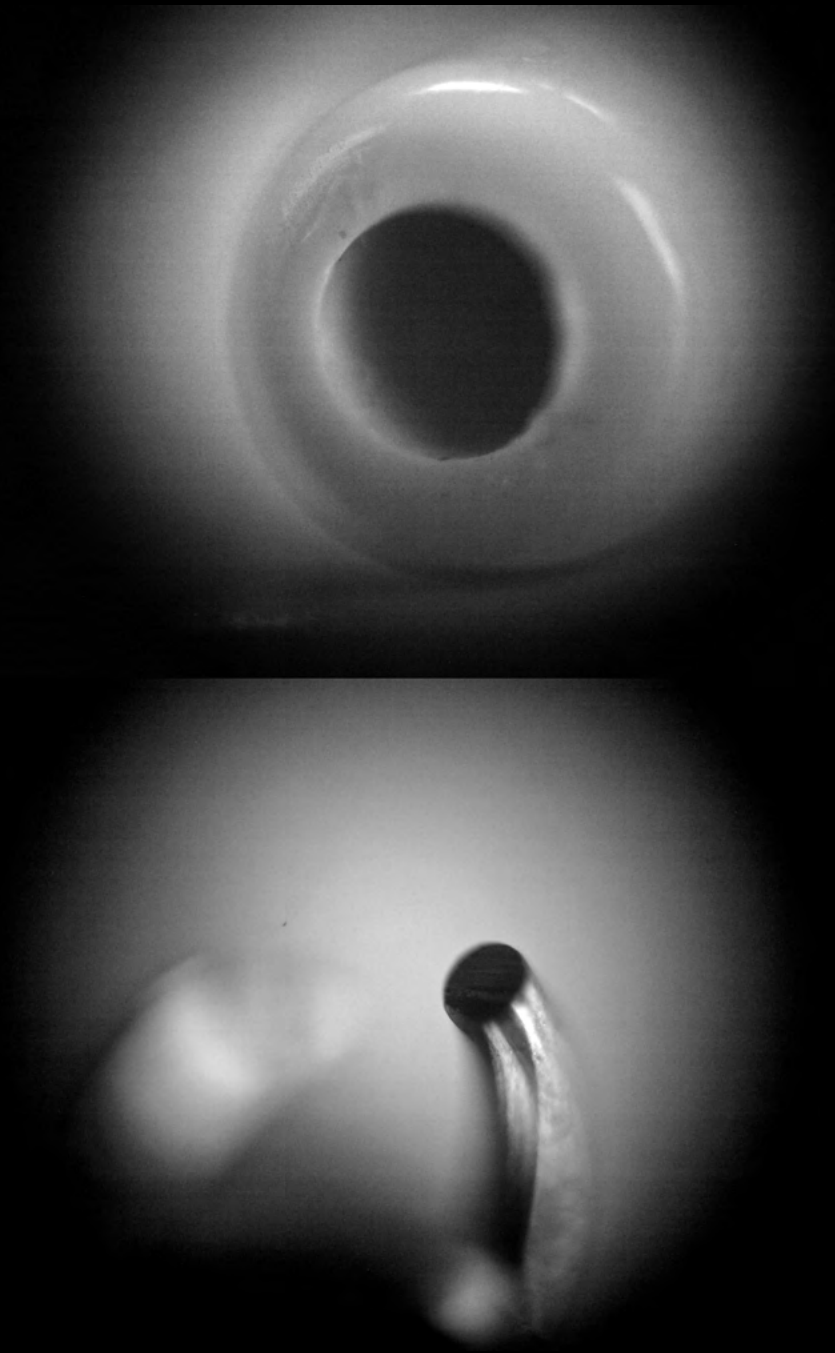
When I discovered the work of Bruno, I was immediately struck because I saw. Say without knowing why I was attracted by the approach of the male body. But when I had to express in words what I felt, I realized what captivated me so much. Obviously, the choice of models involved in this interest, but it is of course especially the way we present them that makes them so fascinating.

Far from offering us a vision of ice too perfect male body or portraits too remote or too admiring, Bruno invites us on a journey. A trip in the privacy of the men he photographed of course, but also beyond, in an exploratory journey of the body of man found, magnified by his work light, composition and framing .

Under his gaze, the human body offers a variety of landscapes shaped soft or rough and complex terrain, highlighted by a light caress does it exposes. Often, framing, depth of field, or a game of shadows or contrasts focus our attention on a member, detail, texture, partial but highly suggestive views. Still, it is shown to us leaves us guessing, fantasize, these men we sometimes find that the fragments of the parties.

Because it is that which characterizes the work of Bruno. Away from the coldness of a classical approach, his work, while remaining respectful of the men he photographed, makes us feel the essence of their body, and beyond, opening the door of their privacy, we reveal their sensuality. In these details, the tight framing, the relief of the body, you feel their strength and power, but also their softness, warmth, as one can feel those of Nature to certain landscapes or rock formations. It is this presence, physical and sensory, which reflects pictures of Bruno and makes us want to touch, caress, dive and lose ourselves in the body that we offer.

Sylvain Le Stum, Architect



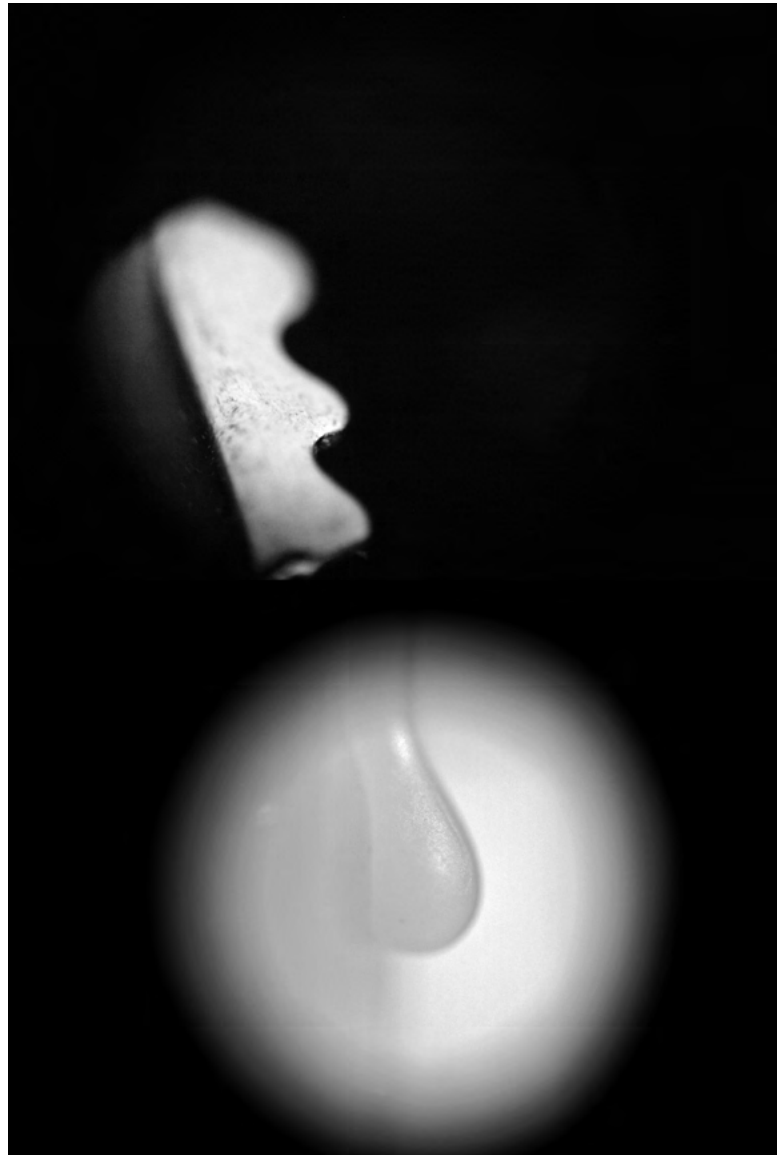
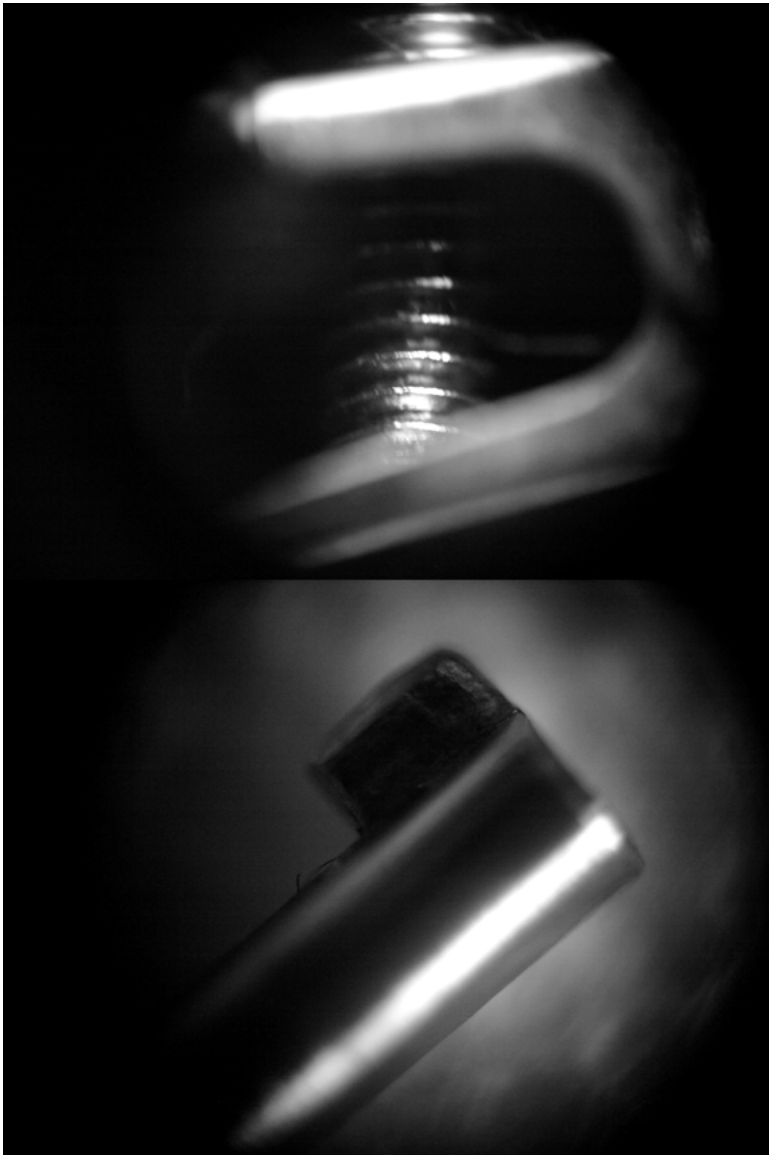
TOOLS

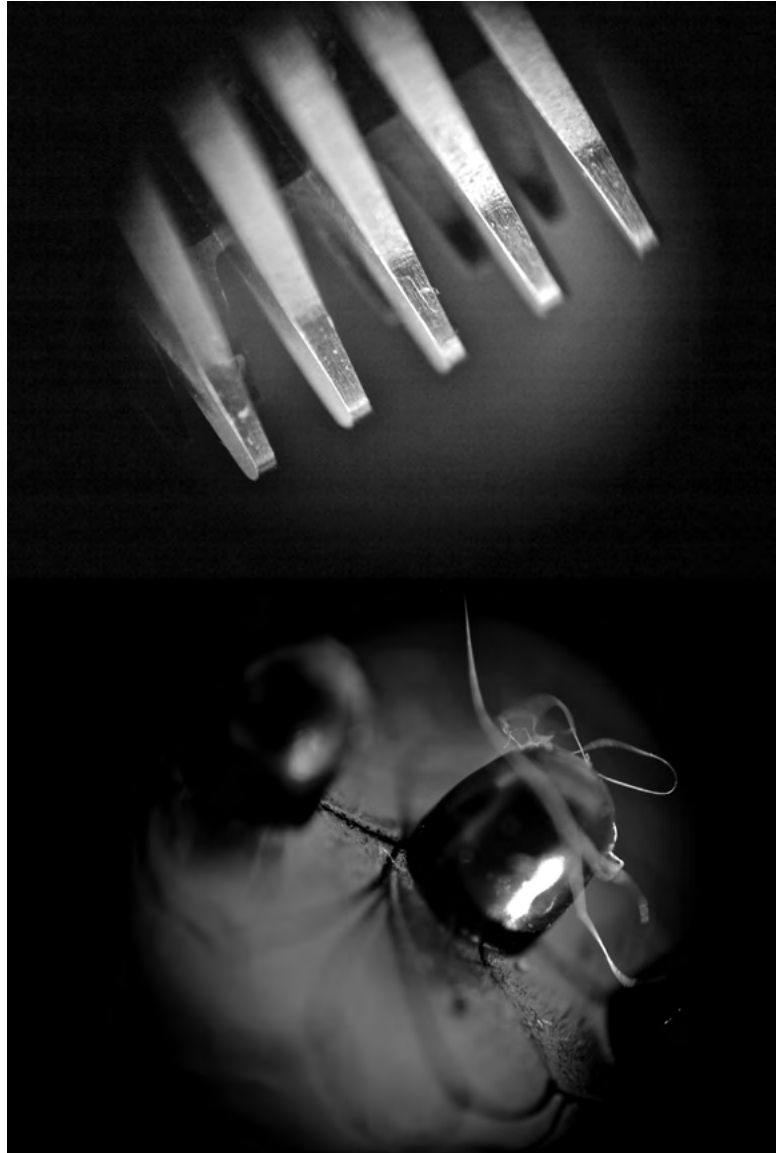
Timothy Gerken

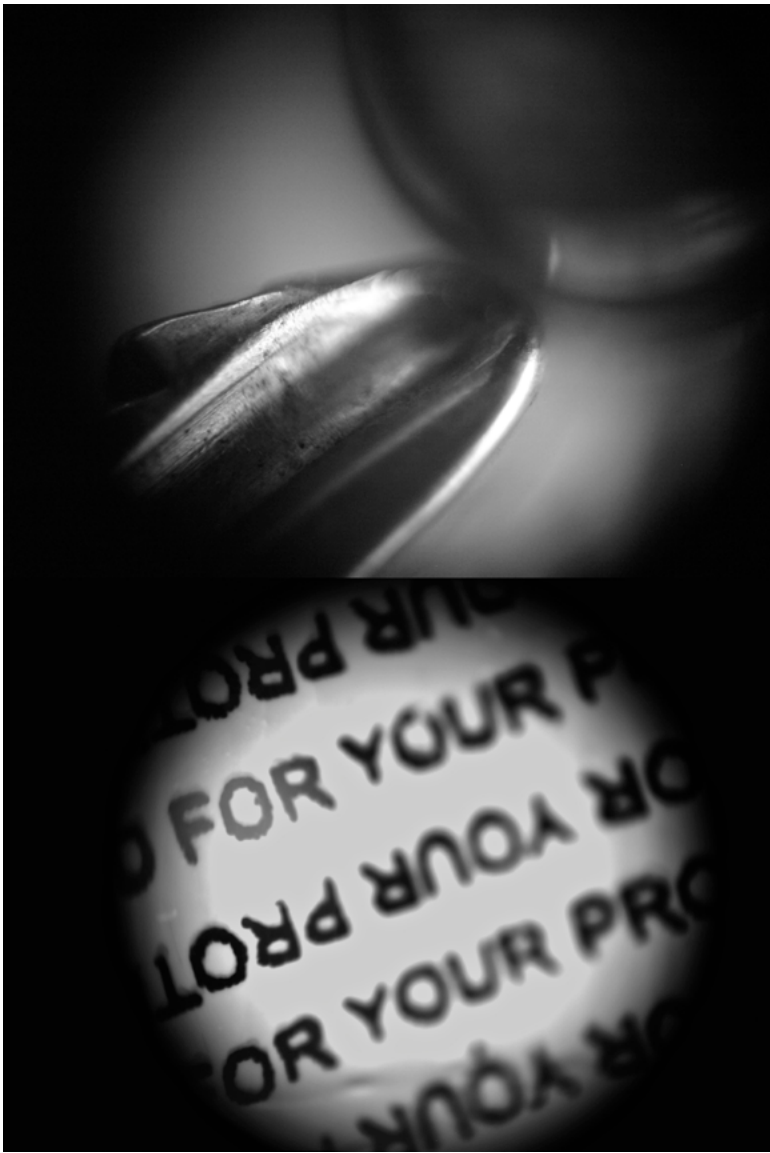
I like to re-purpose, to experiment with the materials I have collected over the years. Recently I started photographing through old 16mm movie projector lenses. I have used them to make a number of stop action films and to photograph the natural world around me. The lenses serve both as a new way to photograph and a new way to view the work. The black surrounding the image is no longer the photograph, but a frame or matte, which allows the images to become artifacts. The lens I used here has an extremely small depth of field, which helps exaggerate and hide aspects of the objects being photographed.

This series explores what some see as the darker side of sexual play: the instruments used to create pain, pleasure, and euphoria. Many of these items are also re-purposed. Used for sexual play, their value is in their ability to call attention to or create tension with the body. The construction of the object is not the focus during sexual play; what matters is how it feels. However, as artifacts we can examine why they work. The pleasure is in the details.

You can see more of Timothy's work at www.timgerkenphotography.com.









UN CHANT D'AMOUR

Steven Miller

These photographs are from a work in progress based on Jean Genet's classic film *Un Chant d'Amour*. They are a meditation on longing, desire, and control. Isolated prisoners suffer endless hours of boredom and frustration under the ever-present eye of the panopticon. Though they are separated by walls, the prisoners still find ways to defy the authorities through hidden connections and escape fantasies.













MALE FRAILTY

Alejandro Caspe

My work explores the fragility in which man lives, where fears and follies are repressed in a constant darkness that causes them to become vulnerable to our own emotions.

You can see more of Alejandro's work at www.alejandrocaspe.com.









NEGRO Y BLANCO - IN THE AUSTRALIAN SOUTH

Anthony L'Huillier

As a visual person and a photographer, I have always had a special fondness for black and white photography.

As a young person I remember seeing the portraits from Richard Avedon's *In the American West* and being quite shocked by their simplicity and stark beauty. I was even more astounded when I discovered that the entire series was shot outdoors using only ambient sunlight, blacks and reflectors.

While he shot the series, Avedon would set up his signature white canvas against barns, warehouses, mobile homes and even a tractor to achieve his very studio-looking exterior shots.

The genius of this simple but remarkably effective lighting fascinated me and mimicking Avedon is how I taught myself to light for photography. Stylistically, Eugene Smith, Bruce Weber, Herb Ritts and Mondino hugely influence me but my primary interest in lighting was sparked by the *In the American West* series.

To acknowledge the influence of Avedon I decided to shoot two sets of black and white photographs, one against a white background and one against a black background.

The model is Phillip Van who recently won the 2013 Mr Bear Competition in South Australia.

You can see more of Anthony's work on his [Flickr page](#).









BLACK

John McRae

“My personal take on the concept and symbolic force of the colour black has many facets.”

“For a while now, I have been working on a series of moody, dark portraits of naked and semi-clothed men posed in shadowy sets. This is further developing a theme I first explored in the Middle East in the mid-1990s, when I first began to create images in which the living male body was shown in stark contrast to meat from the abattoirs. It is my reinterpretation of consumption on all levels; the meat-market.

In Israel and Lebanon, I was struck by how the bloody carcasses lining the markets were a metaphor for the way young men were sent off to war, like beasts to the slaughter. But this series also includes photographs of the bodies of athletes, dancers and tradesmen in staged situations, which question such classical roles as victim and oppressor.”

Literally, McRae's works capture a sense of opposites, the idea of death versus life, darkness against light, the macabre linked to the erotic. It's a step-by-step progression through the phases of flesh-meat-death-blackness.

McRae's work often has religious and mythical overtones. There are obvious references to the dramatic figures emerging from deep shadows in the paintings of Caravaggio, and the carcasses depicted in Francis Bacon's expressionist canvases. The 17th Century Italian painter and the 20th Century English artist are two recurring inspirations in McRae's emotional and sometimes surreal portraits.

Ali is partaking in a sensual, angry Last Supper, dining all by himself. He is aloof, seated alone at a table with a candelabra. The black tulip in his hand is a symbol for greed and untold wealth. In the Netherlands during the Golden Age of the 1630s, prices for the bulbs of rare tulips reached extraordinarily high levels and then suddenly collapsed, as part of an economic bubble which was in many ways similar to a modern stock-market crash.

You can see more of John's work www.johnmcræ.com (commercial site) or projects.johnmcræ.com (art site) for a complete artist profile and list of exhibitions.



During the so-called Tulip Fever or tulipomania, the bulb of a highly prized black tulip could trade on the speculative market for the same value as a canal house in Amsterdam. In McRae's portrait of Ali, the black tulip symbolizes this same sense of decadence, capriciousness and doom. Ali plays along with the photographer, looking aggressive, vindictive and arrogant.

"Ironically, Ali is one of the most gentle and kind men I know," says McRae. "As a perceptive actor, he's one of my favourite models. But he's also got a wicked, black sense of humour."

McRae's models come from different walks of life, each with their own particular cultural heritage. Their nationalities and religious backgrounds are sometimes referred to explicitly through the use of such props as a crescent moon, the Star of David or head-scarves, the Maltese Cross and scimitars. Conversely, McRae sometimes uses

the "incorrect" props for his models, with an Arabic man dressed as a Jewish figure, or vice versa, as his way to break down political and social borderlines, to swap black for white. He equally understands that religion, when mixed with sexuality, can be explosive. In these works submitted, McRae's models include Ali, a Lebanese boy raised in Paris who works in the Australian health industry; Rob, a chef originally from Perth born into a southern Italian family from Calabria; John, a Jordanian man who lives in New York and is shown holding the flayed body of a goat like a pagan trophy; London-based Ben, the son of an outback cattle baron playing the role of a car mechanic; and hirsute Sydney partners Adam and Daniel, who impersonate prime-cuts of beef in a butcher shop.

Jonathan Turner, Rome – jetfoundation@gmail.com



















BLACK MAGIC ISLAND

Eenar Kumar

I will not be able to explain. Not well, not clearly. Some things can't be explained, not really. But here goes.

The elders had said the islanders practised black magic, I was to stay far away from that place. But at twelve, or was it thirteen, I didn't listen much to what they had to say. I went there anyway, alone, brushing aside the fear I felt inside. I never bunked school. It was always over a weekend. It meant taking two buses, a ferryboat, and half a day in the sun before I got to where he lived, on the very edge of the small island. I had found him by chance on one such solitary visit. It was a flimsy shelter he had built himself, amidst the rocks, the sea and beach just beyond. And all I would do each time was watch from a safe distance.

You can see more of Eenar his work on [his Flickr page](#).



There was no one else around, never anyone else around. It was as if he was putting on a show just for me. I knew he wanted me gone but there was nothing that could pull me away. Not until after I had seen the white stuff spurt from his cock, his hissing and panting exciting me, sometimes once, sometimes twice, and after he had wiped himself dry on the rags that he wore, his face suddenly and visibly at peace.

Only then would I leave. And when I would get back home, tired and hungry, the imagined conversation we had had would help me relieve my adolescent yearnings. All I had ever heard him say was the word 'khujli'. 'I have an itch' he had said. 'You must help the poor' the Jesuit fathers at school would urge us daily. I could see myself squeezing some ointment out of an old tube from my father's medicine box and rubbing it on to his itching, throbbing cock, helping him get better, helping him bring the white stuff out.

I had convinced myself that this is how I had to help him, the poor black magic man in his rags and bandages. One Sunday or Saturday, I arrived with a stolen tube of skin ointment in my satchel, my desire to 'help' him at a fever pitch.





Still afraid to go too near, I threw the tube at him asking him if he wanted me to apply it where he had the itch. He threw the tube back at me and shouted 'kodee, kodee', pointing at himself. 'I'm a leper' he had said, again and again. I had fled the scene, terrified, his voice ringing in my ears as I ran, never to see him again.

Over the years, I made myself go to other 'black magic islands', also alone, dark dungeons heaving with men, relieving themselves in the dark of all kinds of "itches", where to begin with I had felt the same dread mixed with excitement. Desire always won. I learnt to push away my fears and went to these black temples again and again. Until a time when I felt no fear. But by then most of the excitement had gone as well.

Now, after all this time, I have begun going back to the black magic island. To relive those lost days of innocence. Sometimes, I take curious friends and lovers with me. But they never quite get the appeal the place has for me. I did say it's hard to explain.

Maybe some things are best left in the dark.



(T): BLACK MAGIC ISLAND
 (BOTTOM L): NIGHT LIGHT, BLACK LIGHT
 (BOTTOM R): THE ENCHANTED ISLAND



THE BLACK KENZO BENEATH THE TORN T

Andrés Hannach

Upon waking on a recent weekday morning, I noticed my t-shirt had ripped accidentally overnight. Seeing my reflection in the mirror triggered a deeply-moving memory of a dark winding road to Florence. While my recall of detail leading up to the milestone event was fresh and easily put into words, I explored the ensuing feelings through self-portraits shot with my laptop's built-in camera in mirror fashion.

A window display on a narrow street lined with clothing shops beckoned me to stop. Perhaps it was the alluring textures, the lighting or the assorted dark, hard-to-name colours that compelled me to pull the heavy glass door and step inside. For all I know, I may have caught a glimpse of the staff. Or did the well-groomed salesman mark me as his customer on this slow afternoon before I even stepped in?

It happened fast, in any case. Within ten minutes, Patrizio, holding an armful of shirts, ushered me to the draped area in the back where I proceeded to try

on one after another in front of the full-length mirror. He stood behind me carefully removing pins and stiffeners, and unbuttoning the next shirt in line, while darting approving glances at my reflection. He would step up close to me and skillfully tuck in, pull down, straighten out or roll up a sleeve with remarkable style, revealing proud accomplishment in his demeanor.

Patrizio was cheerful and very comfortable on his own turf. Although I am typically a copious question-asker, I did not dare interrupt him, except to check on the meaning of a word here and there, since I didn't speak much Italian but understood it quite well. I was happy to listen to his lively delivery and briefly answered in my native Spanish sprinkled with Italian and English.

"How long are you going to stay in Firenze? Does this one fit better? Did you know that our store carries the best Kenzo shirt selection apart from the Place de Victoires flagship store in Paris? Oh, really, you are heading for Paris next? Why did you move from Chile to Canada? How do you feel about Pinochet? What kind of artwork do you do?"



Wouldn't you agree that this collarless shirt really works for you and teamed up with jeans, can be the perfect outfit for your Toronto gallery opening in the fall?" "On the other hand," Patrizio added, in a slightly mischievous tone, "you look absolutely great in this black, short-sleeve shirt, and you can wear it right through the end of summer!"

I was sold. It would have been hard to disagree. I left the store not only with two Kenzos and a broad smile, but also with an invitation to meet Patrizio later in the day for dinner at a neighborhood trattoria. Conversation developed smoothly over wine and a shared platter of tasty penne rigate in a sage-scented cream sauce, that I've tried since to replicate at least twice, unsuccessfully. I felt good in his jovial company, enjoyed listening to his stories and being shown around town on foot, or packed into his tiny car, to visit his top-rated architectural landmarks in the area.

On one such outing Patrizio drove to nearby Siena where we had coffee and chatted with Spanish art students in the shade of those magically striped buildings. We continued on to San Gimignano for dinner where, in his opinion, I would experience by far the most romantic place in the whole region. It sounded exciting. I was expectant, nervous and unsure of what might be in store for this excursion. The food was absolutely delicious, the setting was stunning, and the weather could not have been any better. Romanticism among us never surfaced, so I decided to play interviewer on our way back to Florence.

It turned out that he had a boyfriend who lived in Sweden. They usually met twice a year exclusively for mutual fisting, and Patrizio adamantly stated that currently he was not at all interested in having any other type of sexual interaction. Until that day I had hardly heard about, let alone met somebody who was into mutual or even standard fist fucking. I started asking questions. When the language barrier cropped up I switched to English in order not to miss any details of his confessions. I greedily lapped it all up with boundless curiosity. The question-asker in me was alive and kicking as we approached Florence near midnight.

I was feeling rather disoriented when he stopped the car in front of the inn I was staying at. He didn't stop the engine, so I realized he expected me to get out on my own, and I did. He said, sporting a dimly lit smile framed in the car window, "It was a lovely day. Don't forget we have tickets for a dance concert on Thursday. See you then. Have a good night."

During my last days in Florence, with my Blue Guide in tow I visited several museums, art collections and architectural sites to help fill the void left after the intense field trip of the previous weekend.





Thursday came around all too quickly. Patrizio looked somewhat taller, his teeth showed a whiter smile and his freshly polished lace-up boots sparkled in the sunshine when he arrived to fetch me. I realized that he fit nicely in his tiny car, while my thigh inevitably brushed against his hand when we turned left. He quickly drove uphill along the narrow winding road that led to the Roman theatre in Fiesole where the contemporary dance festival was taking place.

It was a wonderful feeling during the entire performance to sit quietly, close together on the large sun-warmed stone steps of this ancient amphitheater. The dancers faced stiff competition though, since behind them an overwhelmingly rich backdrop of Tuscan hills speckled with sculptural trees faded into the night. My Florentine days were almost over. Goodbyes were imminent.

On the way out, once our small-talk naturally withered away, silence took over as we settled into the car. After crouching on the stone rafters I welcomed feeling the weight of my body relax onto the car's narrow backrest. Patrizio, at the wheel, negotiated tight curves that emerged at short notice down the dark road. Suddenly he reached over and began to deftly unbutton my black Kenzo shirt.

The two uppermost buttons were already undone, so he proceeded from there and soon I felt his right hand on my bare chest. I froze. With his weekend disclosure still fresh in my mind, I had not the faintest idea what to expect. But I did not stop him. He kept on driving, shifting gears as needed, while he skillfully introduced me to a new realm of self-discovery. I felt weightless and in a trance as he lovingly coached me in explorations that since, thanks to him, have developed into an ever increasing source of intimacy and pleasure.



EROTIC DREAM

Melvin the Satyr

Black is darkness. It is mysterious, safe, dangerous, erotic.

When we are blind our minds paint a picture of what we expect to see in the light.

Imagine entering a room.

As the door closes you are enveloped in silky, impenetrable darkness. You hear rustling, breathing, the sliding of fabric across skin. You sense the presence of others and you feel the heat from their bodies as they undress.

You join them and as your clothes disappear into the void, you feel energized and free. Your heightened senses become aware of many bodies around you. You move, drawn forward by the musk of men. Tentatively you reach out a hand - nothing.

Yearning for contact you reach out again. The time the bristly softness of a beard is what you find. Contact.

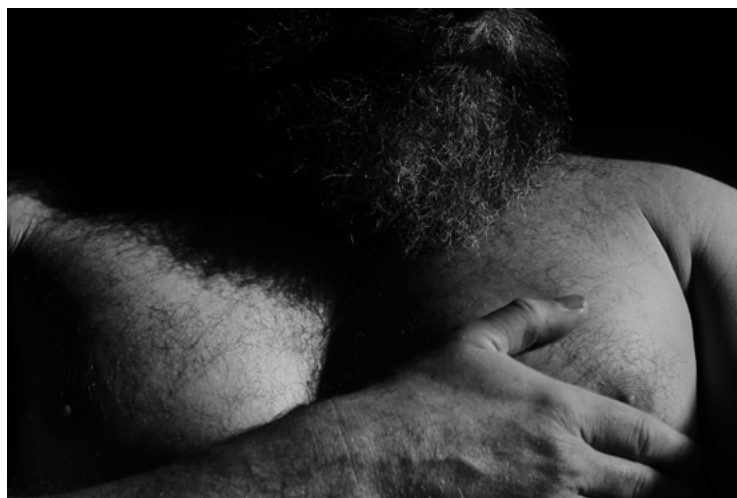
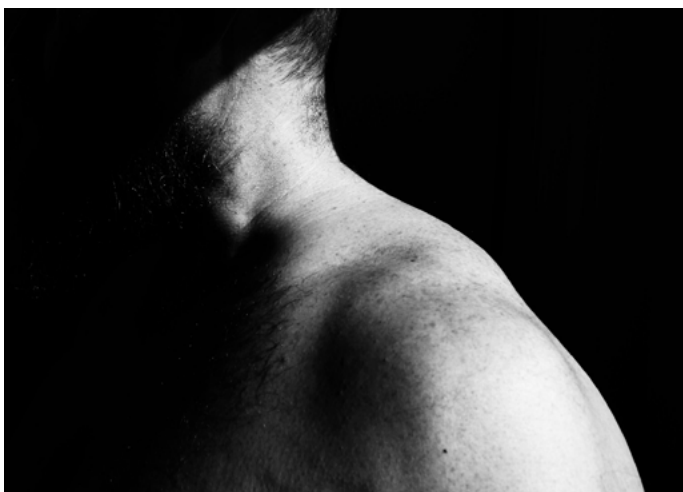
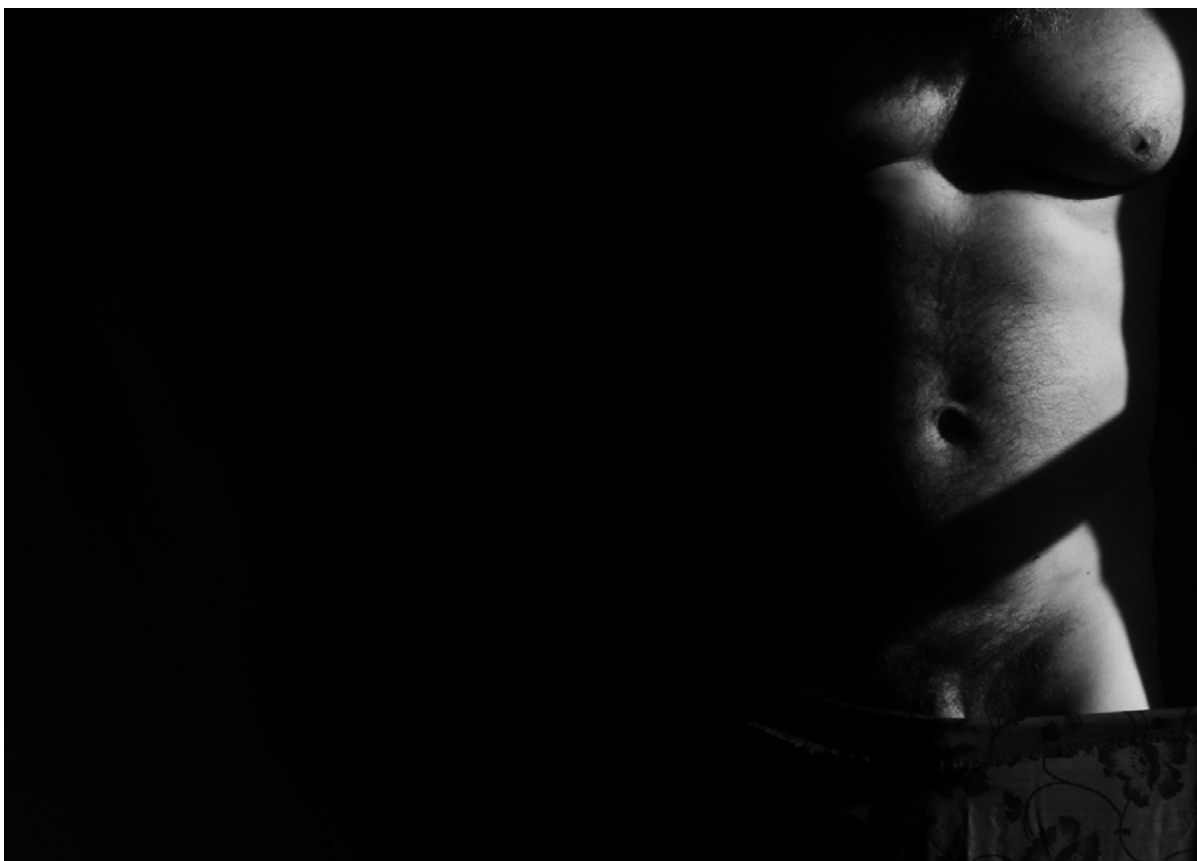
Hands find you now and begin an exploration of your body, face, chest, legs, buttocks, cock. In a blind fever you make your own explorations, feeling the textures of skin, hair, softness, rigidity. A third man finds you both, then a fourth.

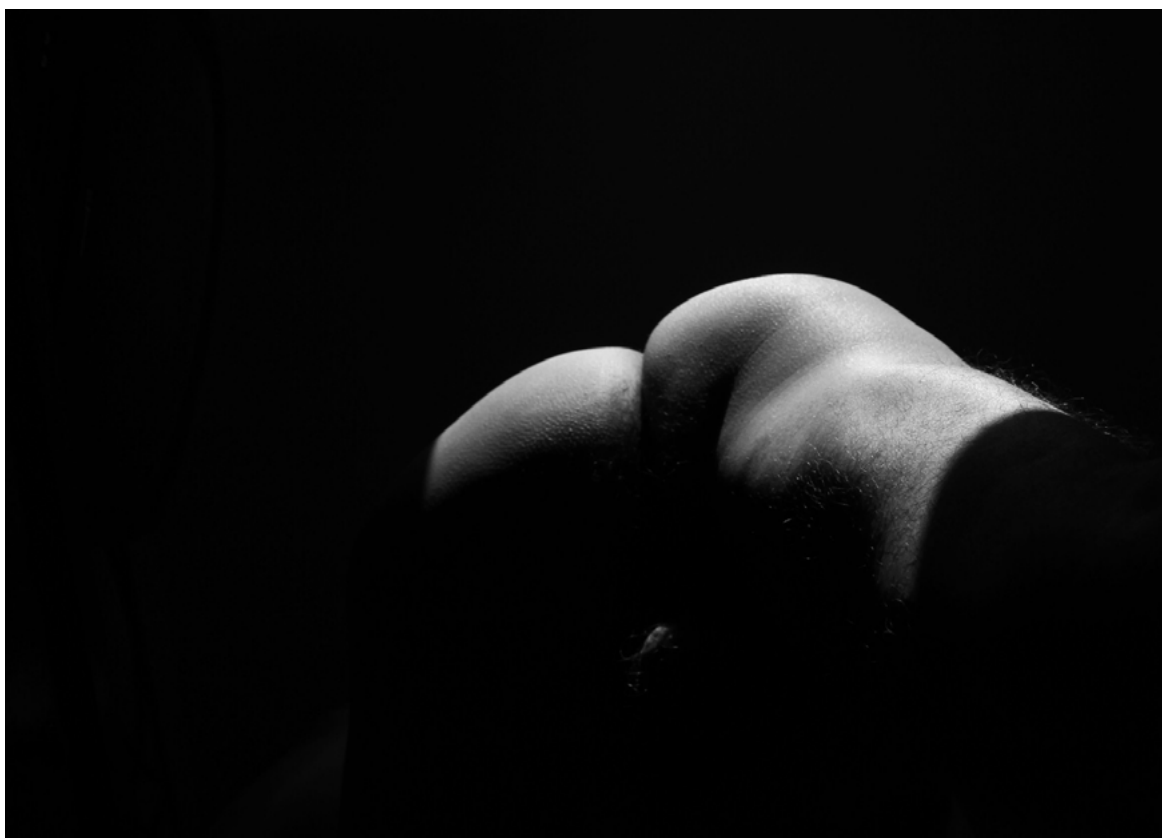
How many men? What do they look like? You may never know, but your mind creates a vision of hirsute muscle, clutching, groping, caressing. You can no longer tell if you are at the centre of the group or on the fringe. There are too many.

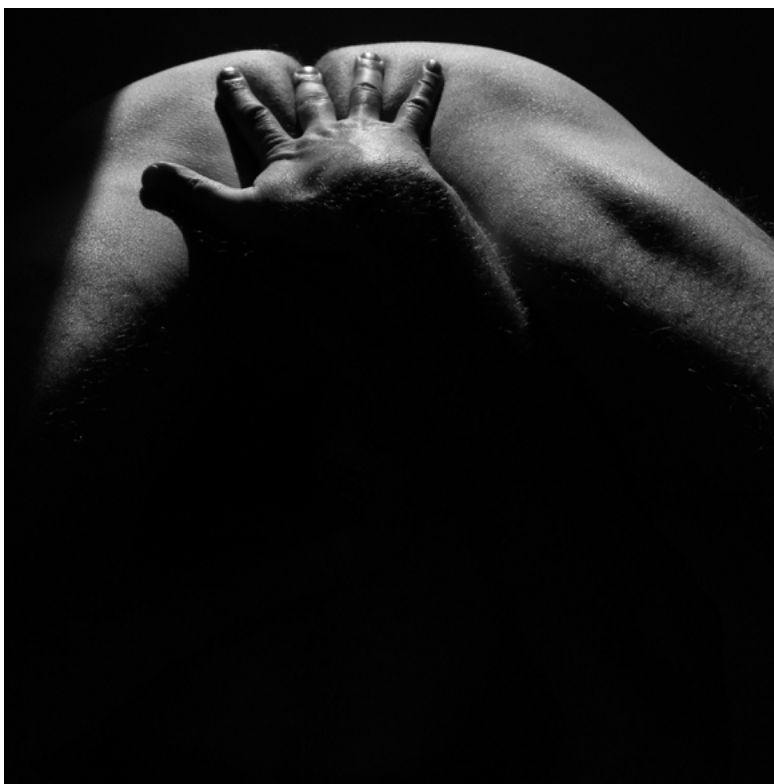
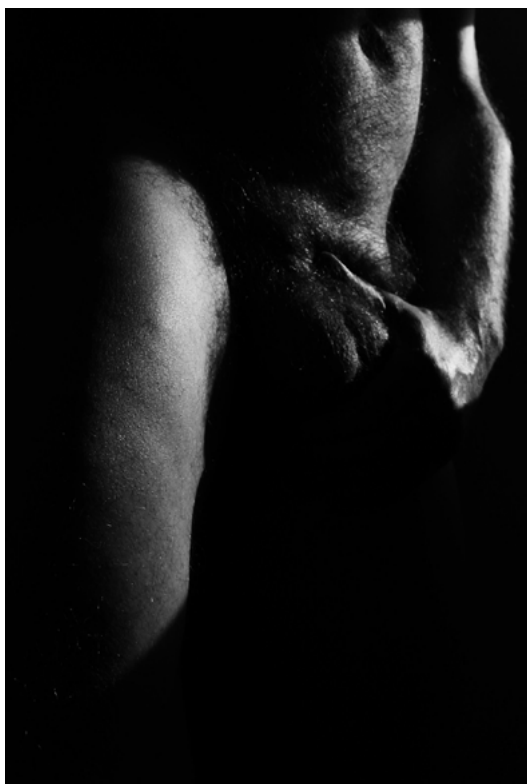
Heaving breaths and heavy scents of sweat compel you towards your prize. You both are caught up in the fervent rutting, trying to last, to hold out, just a little...longer.

The room erupts in growls and barks as, one by one, each man finds release. The aftermath is serene and pungent as you doze from your exertion. Was it a dream? An erotic dream, in the darkness, in the black?

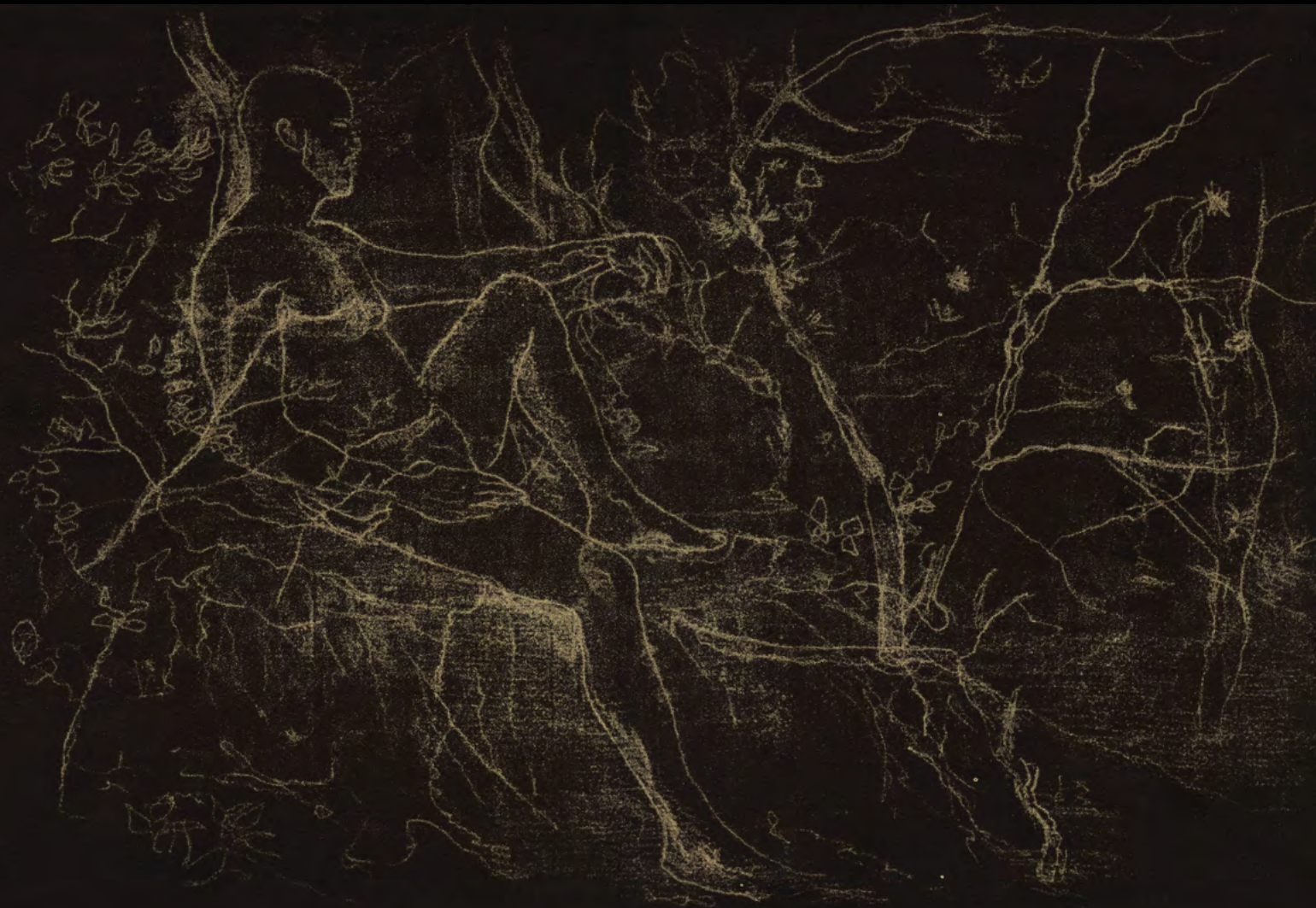
You can see more of Melvin the Satyr's work on his [Flickr page](#).







(TOP L): DREAM | 5
(TOP R): DREAM | 6
(BOTTOM): DREAM | 7



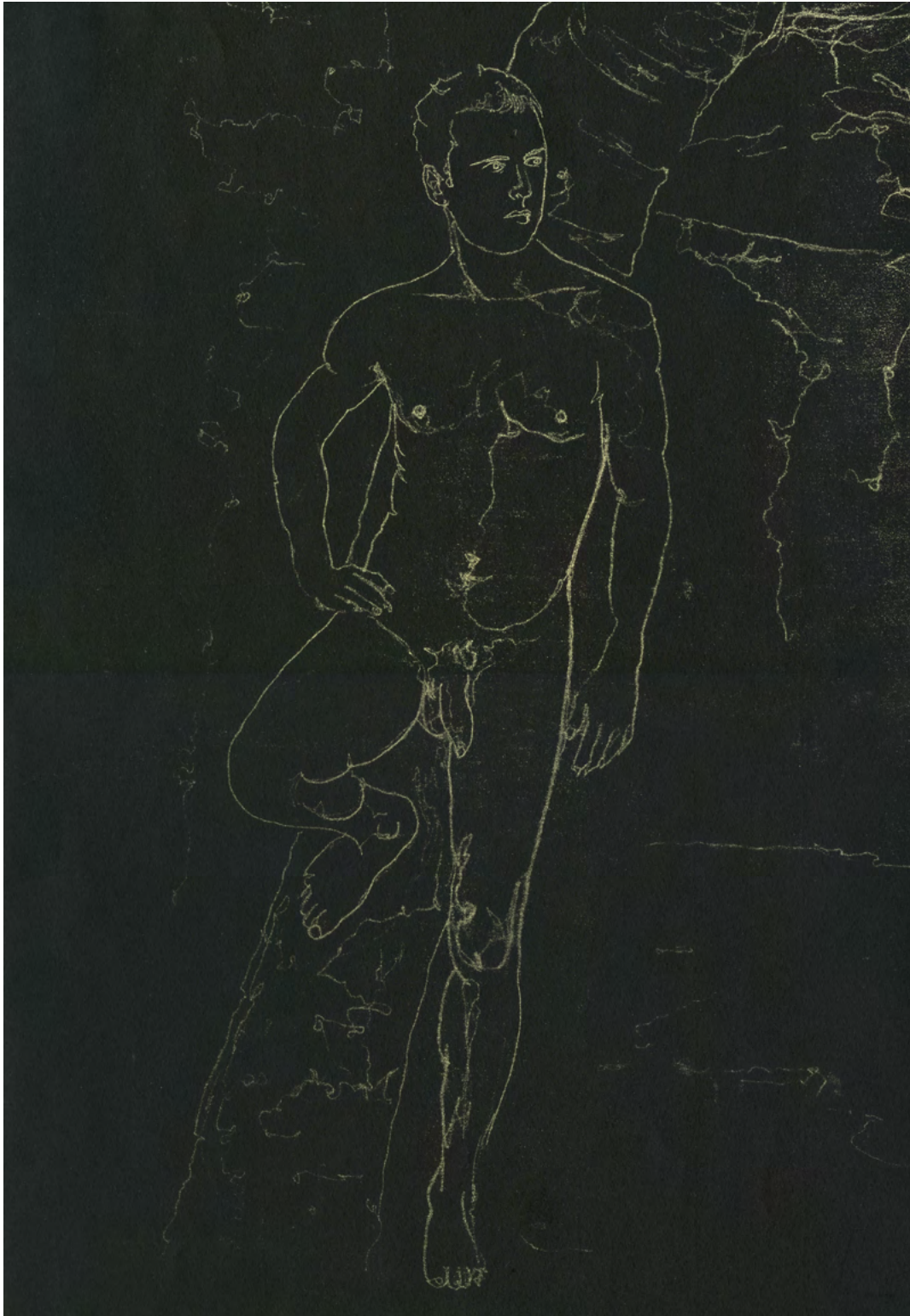
PINES NUDE DRAWINGS

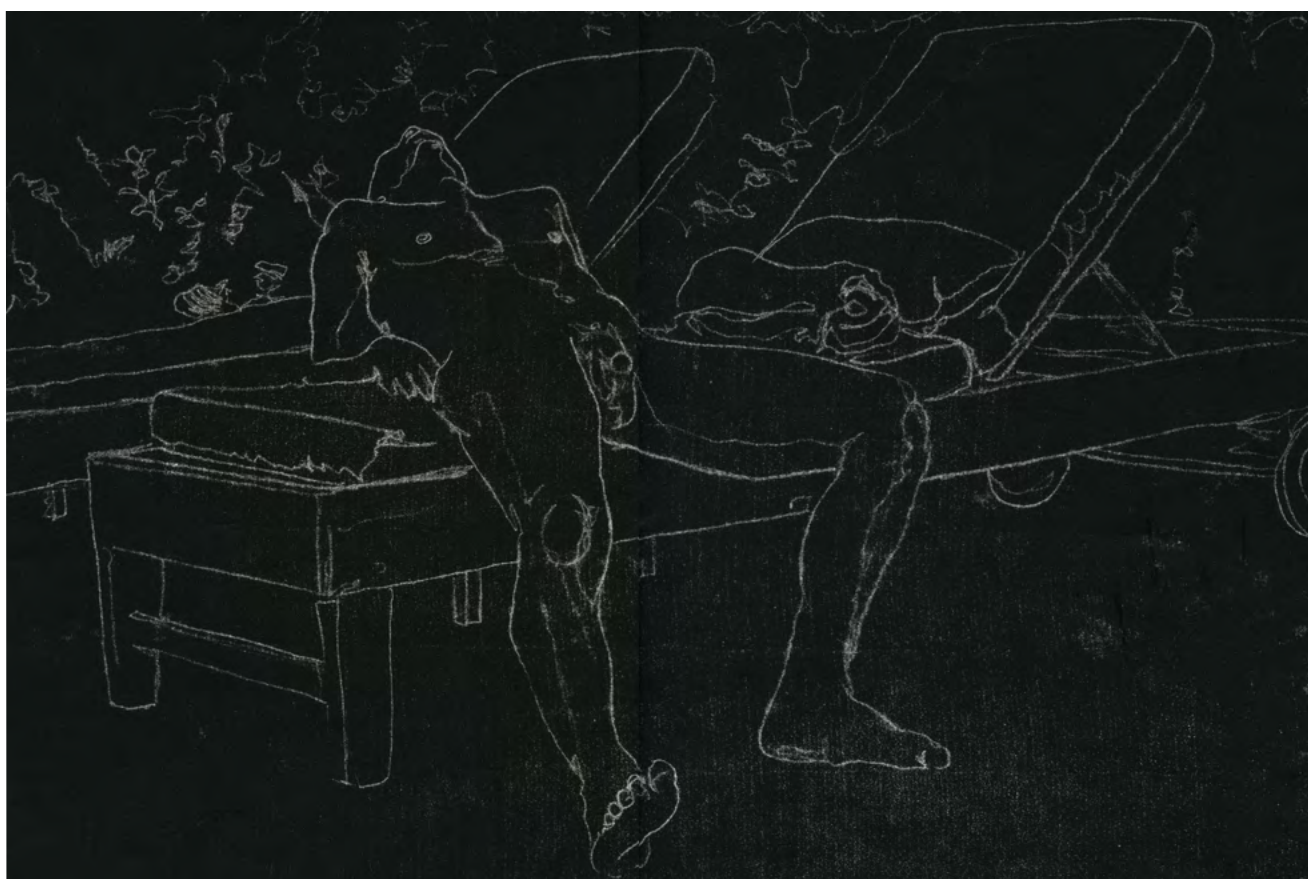
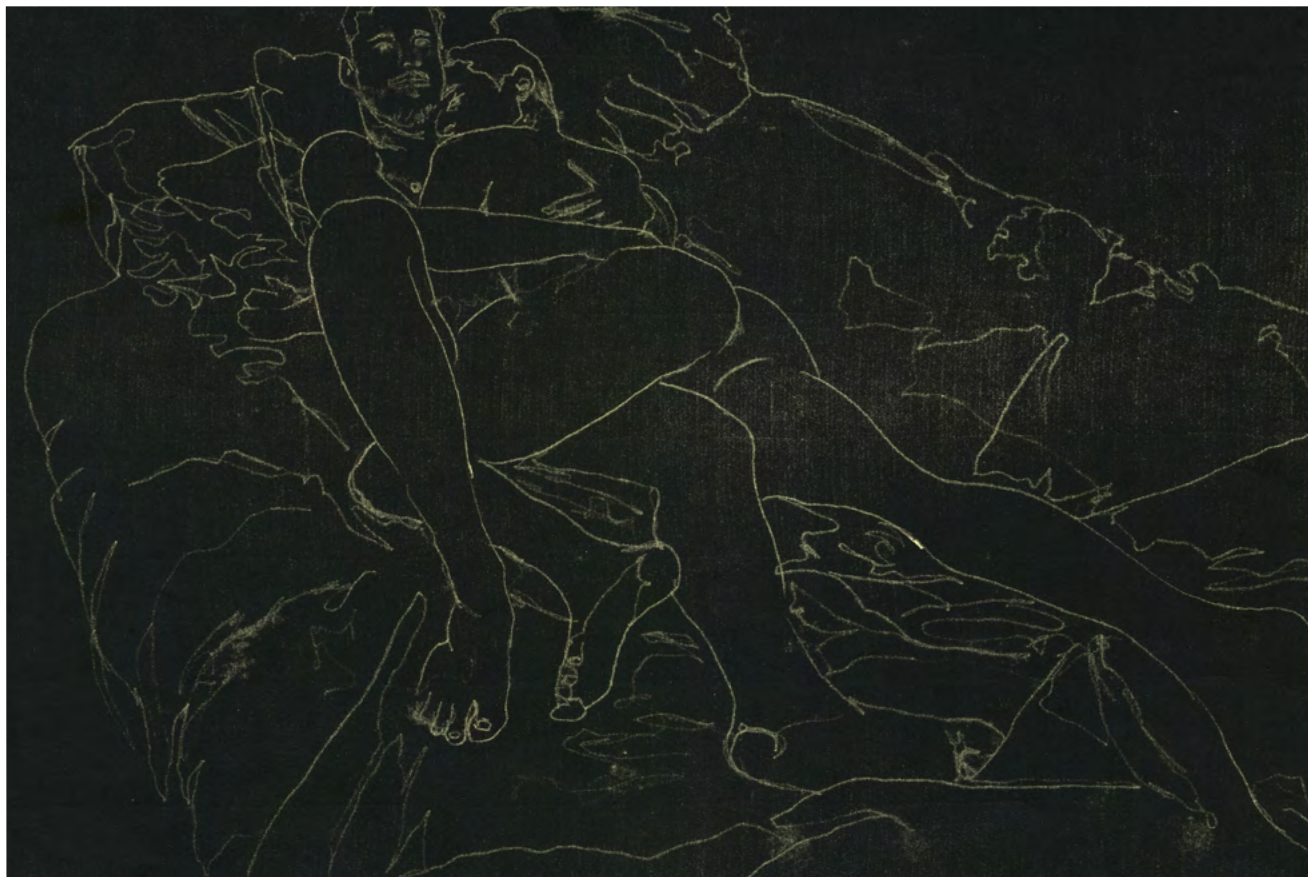
Carlos Pisco

This series of drawings, done in the summer of 2012 at Fire Island Pines, capture the sensual energy that is constantly present. Historically, artists such as Paul Cadmus, Jared French and George Tooker have used the Pines as inspiration for their works. My goal is to continue this tradition, and to create visual records of gay men in pursuit of pleasure.

The “black drawings” convey the mystery and the hunter-prey ambivalence found in gay cruising. The wait, the desire, the seduction. Those thoughts and my own memories, were the driving force behind this body of work.









FIXING MEMORIES

Jim B

I have a book that is a 150 year history of photography and it is titled The Art of Fixing the Shadow. I have always thought of that as something like memory. We struggle to fix a memory through the shadows of time and events and in photographs we fix a memory by fixing the shadow of an image. In these images I work with black to

make the viewer try to remember what might be in those shadows or to create a new memory as they imagine what is wrapped in black or fixed in the surface.

You can see more of Jim's work on his [Flickr page](#).





DARKNESS

Luis Saenz

Deep down, there's a dark place in me,
Where my biggest fears hide along with my
imperfections and demons.

I can hide or I can fly, I can morph.
I can be nothing and everything, but then
I vanish with the first ray of light.

This internal rage seems to overpower me lately,
In my constant battle I wonder what other secrets I
am keeping from you and from myself.

I play this silly game of seduction,
The darkness of the night brings up my most carnal
desires.

So I try to romance you, one more time.









MEN OF LUK

Jeff Luk

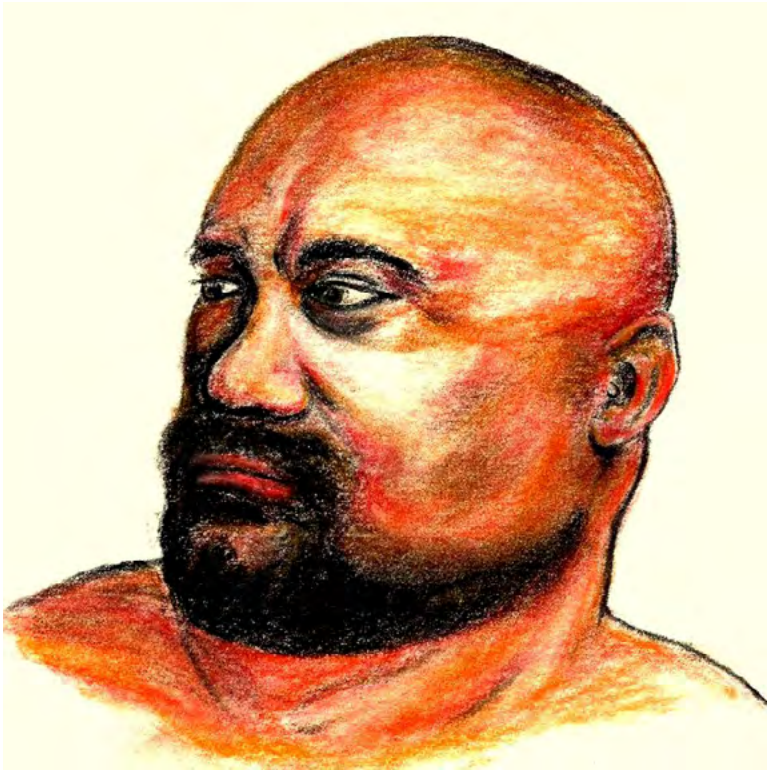
6

I remembered I drew a super hero one day, when I was about 6. I showed it to my mum. She was knitting a sweater by the fireplace. "Good drawing" she took a glance and said. I noticed her blank smile and I knew she didn't look. But after making her really look, she frowned and scolded me, "why is he naked? What are you thinking?" She is very traditional and always sensitive when it comes nudity or any sex topic. I frowned back at her, being innocent and trying to defend, "He is not naked and he just loves wearing tights" Of course, my mum couldn't accept that childish explanation. But she probably took it as an apology. And that could be the time since when she never again asked or encouraged me to draw anything.

25

As the first boy in the family, I have to carry some great expectations. No, it's not always good to have the extra attention. I've been carefully growing up, following the book they prepared of my future. Luckily, things went pretty well. I went to University, got the degree, and earned a nice job as a teacher in another University. My mum had been very proud of that. Until one day when I was about 25, I told her I quit my job and I was going to do art. She was like, "What? Art? Since when do you know about art? And how much is it?" I told her that I couldn't imagine my life ending as a teacher. I have a passion for drawing and I'm going to start doing it now! I probably broke her heart at that moment.

You can see more of Jeff's work at jefflukart.com.



I started to travel a lot, to see things, and experience life. I tried settling down in several cities. I was quite flexible, unstable, just like me doing art. I couldn't figure out what and or how to go about it. There was no instruction manual for me. For the first two or three years, I doubted myself and was confused. I remember I did a self-portrait at 23 and I burned it. It seemed I was not ready.

I went to Tibet. I saw monks, temples and Buddha statues. I stopped at a small temple near the biggest lake in west China. There sits the Future Buddha statue. I walked around the statue three times as I was told. And I climbed up a 30 metre tower to hang my flags/banners. "When the wind blows, your flag would murmur the scripture text on it and pray for you" a monk told me.

32

After several years of traveling, I moved and settled in Australia. I'm so inspired by this land. Man and nature is always my main theme. Seeing islanders in their intimacy with the wilderness is fascinating. I've always been attracted to men with a strong bond with nature. My dad used to show me around in my hometown when I was young in China. It's a small village in the hills, isolated from everywhere. My dad told me about the tradition and tried to convince me that we are the descendents of goats.

Future

I've been working on several art projects. "Jeff's Life Project" is one of them.







A BLACK MAN'S SKIN

Vincent Keith

As a photographer of men, I have come to understand that photographing black men, black skin, is different. Very dark skin responds very differently to light than lighter skin does. In my early efforts, I just assumed that pouring more light onto the subject was the solution. It wasn't. In fact, it had the effect of washing out the subject completely with wholly unsatisfactory high-key results.

I even tried oiling my models to create reflective surfaces on their bodies. In some cases this worked, but for the most part, it removed any sense of depth and reduced the compositions to contours and rigid studies in form. I wasn't satisfied.

If photography is painting with light, my brush wasn't delivering.

And then, one day, it dawned on me that I had been going about it in completely the wrong way. It struck me that I was seeking the wrong things, asking the wrong questions and looking for the wrong solutions.

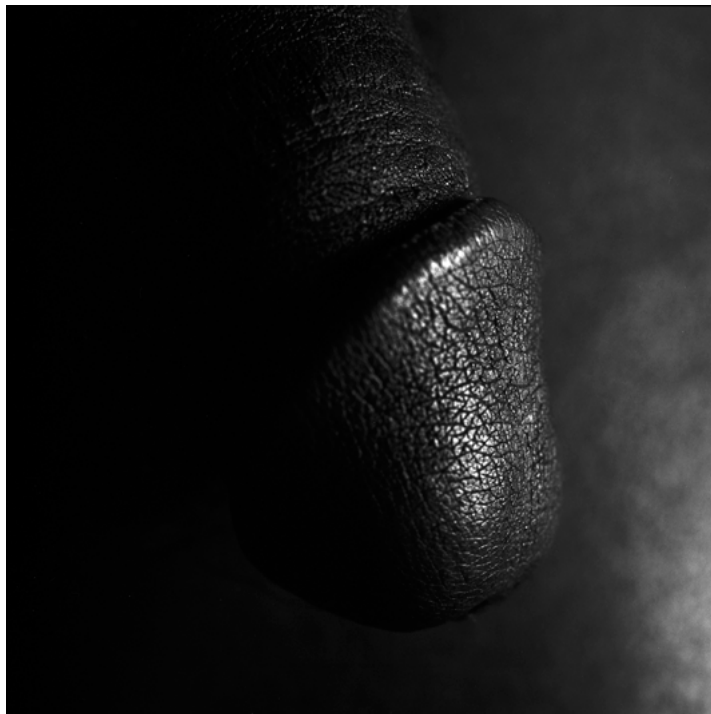
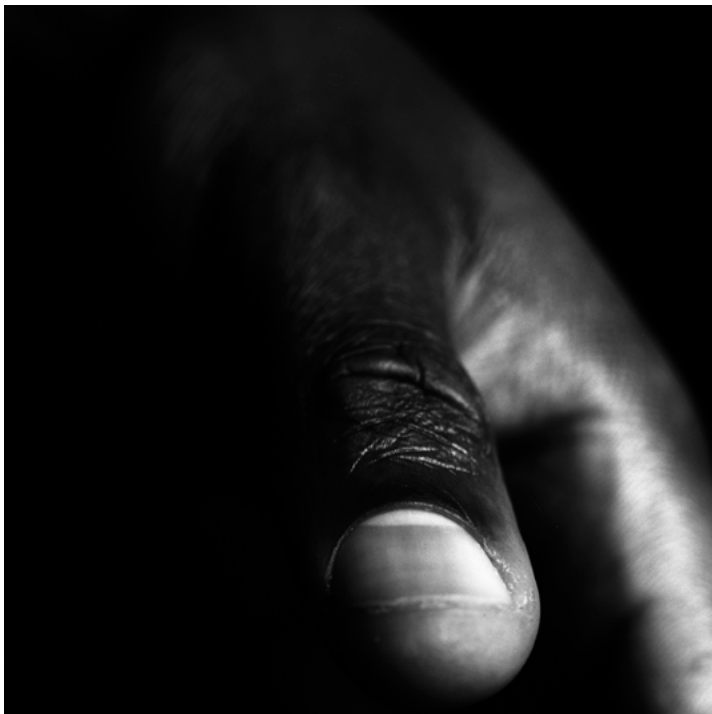
If black skin is different, perhaps you can't ask of it the same things. Or more to the point, it made more sense to concentrate on its innate value and attributes rather than try and coax it into something it wasn't.

I turned the lights down.

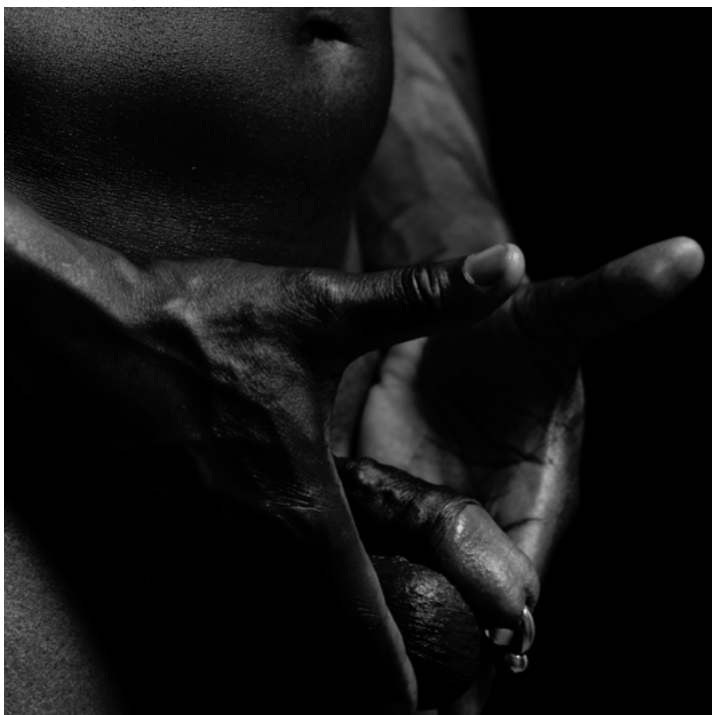
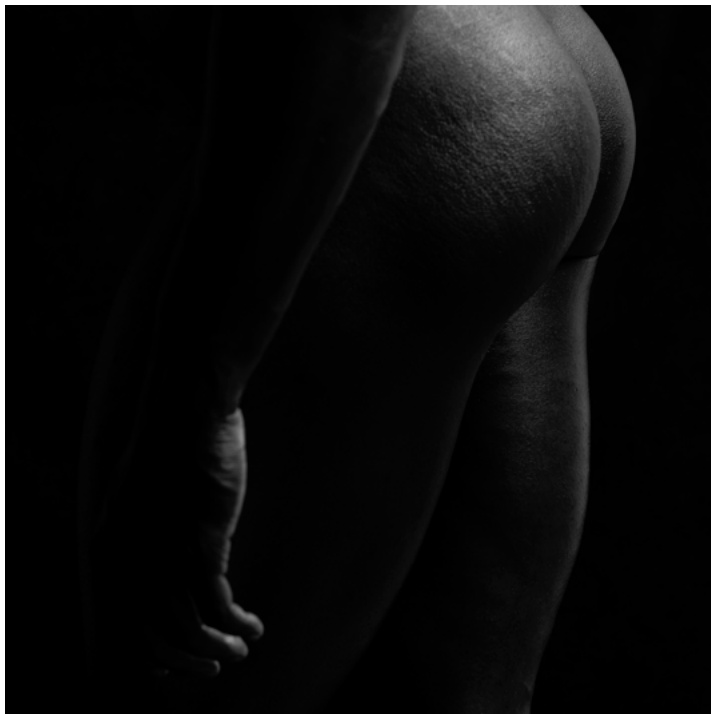
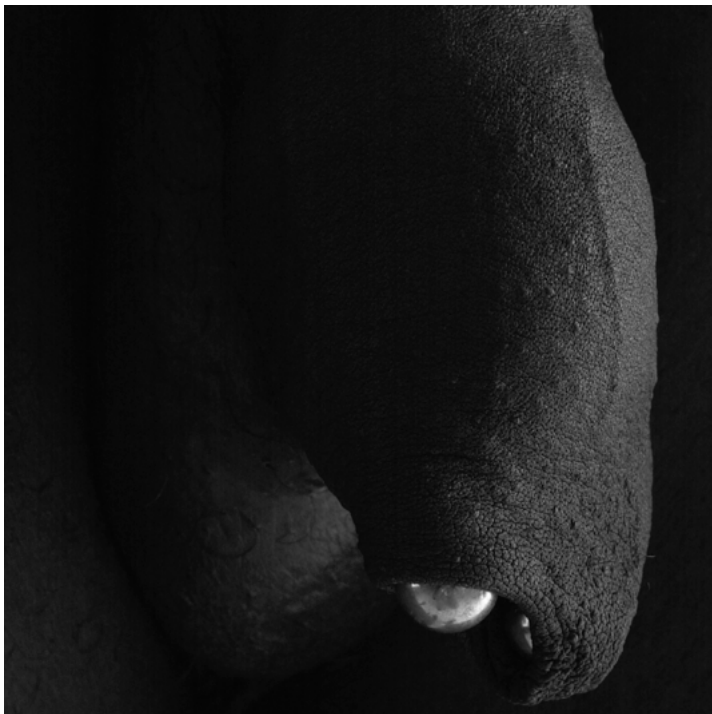
It turned out that rather than using a blunt tool I needed to be more subtle and delicate. All of the form, structure and detail was there - it had always been, I just needed to look closer. My compositions became more subtle, more delicate and more observed. It took more work and I had to push my technical abilities as tolerances were very narrow - but subtle contrasts and bolder compositions generated works with which I was very happy.

Over time I began applying the lessons I had learned in photographing dark skin to all of my male photography, and I believe it's made all the difference.

You can see more of Vincent's work at mascularstudio.com.







MASCULAR MAGAZINE

THE MASCULAR T-SHIRT



Teddy Bear

Mascular Magazine commissioned artist and visionary Nicolas Obery of Fantasmagorik to design an anthropomorphic bear for the t-shirt design for the Black issue.

The brief was to create a morphed muscular man-bear with a fetish edge, and here he is...

You can purchase a t-shirt with this amazing design here:

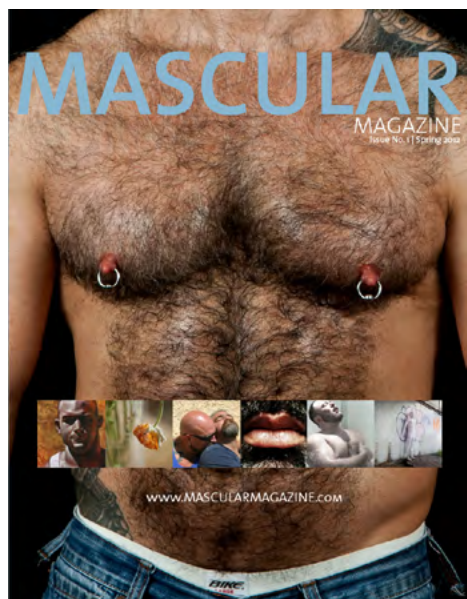
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WATER

Drink it, bathe in it, make it - we couldn't live without it. Water is one of the key required components for human life. The king of all that is liquid (and some solids) - H_2O is the building block of everything that is natural. But where does it fit in our creative lives?. Issue No. 6 of Mascular Magazine will be dedicated to Water and all things liquid. We engage with fluids from our very earliest moments and the accompany us throughout our lives. So lets take a moment to engage with them directly. We want to see creations inspired by water, liquid, fluid anything runny or that makes you wet. We invite you to drink in the possibilities and share with us your results. In large amounts or a few drops, salty or sweet, clean or dirty, let your creative juices flow.

If you are interested in contributing to Issue No. 6, please contact Mascular Magazine at: submissions@mascularmagazine.com

Deadline for submissions is August 12, 2013.

WATER
THE SEA
RAIN
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WET
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BALANCE MEN

David W. Aguilar and Jeff Benson

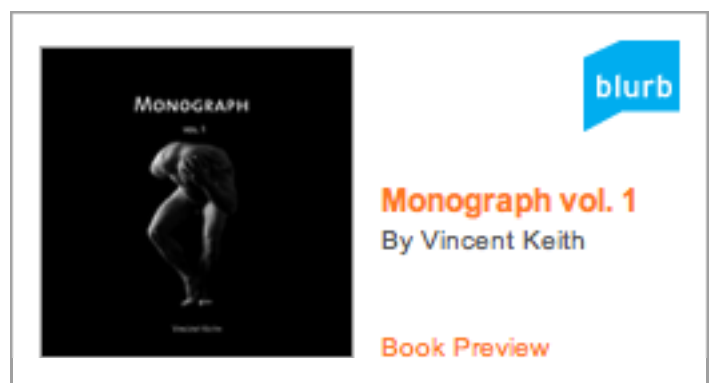
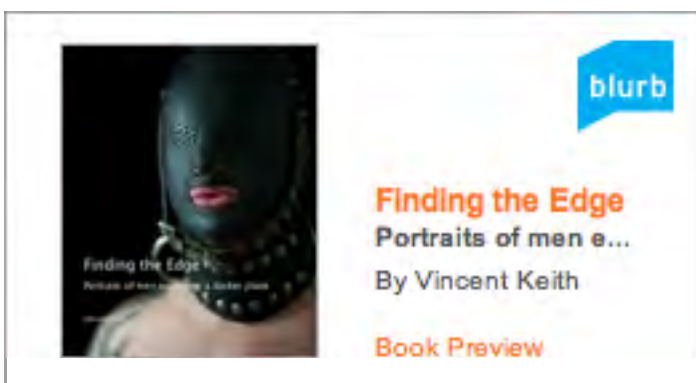
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Vincent Keith of Mascular Studio has self-published two books available on Blurb
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